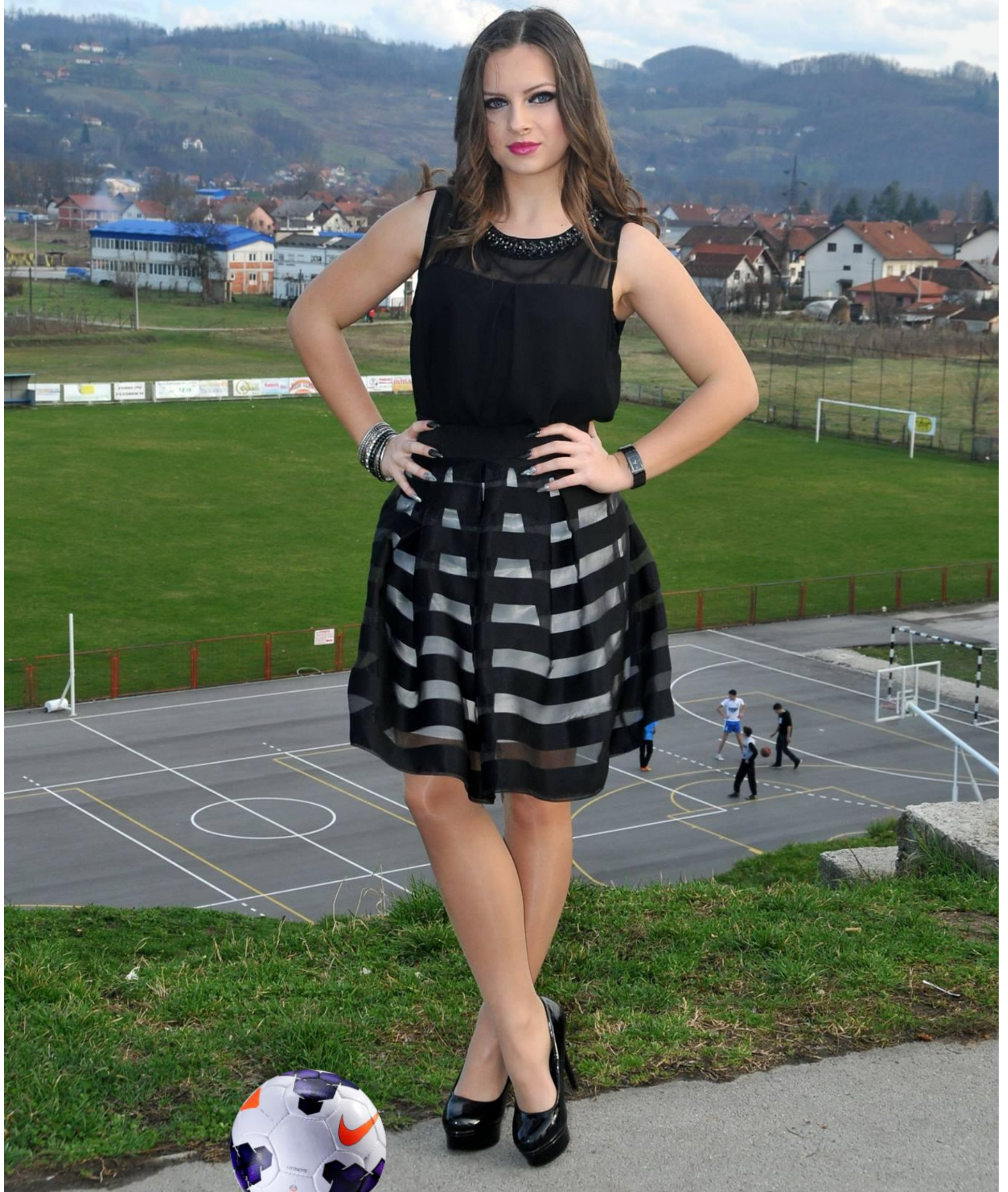


# The beautiful game By ds1000



**Chapter 1 – A new season**

Dejan Kolorov, better known as Coach, lived for the game of football, playing professional once upon a time.

As a talented youth, he had the world at his feet, playing a for him country Serbia and being tipped to be a star of the future. But that was a long time ago, before it was all taken away from him by injury. Forced to retire at 21, led to depression and alcoholism. For 5 years, his life had spiralled out of control, as he hurt and pushed away everyone that cared about him.

Now aged 32, and 6 years sober. Dejan was back involved with football once again, coaching a local women's team nicknamed the Tigers. Being part of the game again had saved him, giving his life some meaning once again, as he would no longer wake up in the morning, and reach straight for a bottle to drown out the pain. He woke up these days with optimism, as he tried each day to be a better person and make up for all the years of pain, he had caused everyone around him.

The fairly small city where he had lived most of his life, was not really special in any way, except for the local people's enthusiasm for women's football. In this part of Serbia, women's football was extremely popular, much more popular than the men's game. Each year, the teams from the region would compete in a league, with the top 4 reaching the playoffs.

The season would finish in a cup final, watched by thousands of people with a fair amount of media coverage, the girls in these teams were local celebrities, appearing in magazine articles and constantly asked to make public appearance as well as TV and radio interviews.



It was nearing the end of Summer as Dejan arrived at the Tiger's training ground. It was a pleasant evening as the birds sang and a gentle breeze rustled the leaves of the trees, surrounding the ground on the outskirts of the city.

As he walked up the old cracked pathway, he was full of optimism, it was the start of a new season which meant anything was possible. He entered the old building, long overdue some investment, as the cracks in the walls showed its age, and passed a picture hanging on the wall. It was the team photo from the start of last season, the team had fought hard in every game and Dejan couldn't fault their effort, but with a lack of quality they had finished the season in a disappointing 6<sup>th</sup> position missing out on the playoff once again.



After doing a few odd jobs and making a few phone calls in his office, Dejan headed outside for the start of training. The girls were stretching and warming as Milos gave them instructions. Milos had been helping out at the club for the last couple of years, he had just shown up one day, and asked if he could help out. Taking pity on the boy, in the torn filthy rags he wore, and his incredibly thin frame, in serious need of a meal, Dejan found him a job, collecting the footballs from around the pitch, and in return gave him a hot meal and a few dinars. Milos returned the next day and the next as Dejan continued to find him little jobs in return for something to eat.

Milos didn't have any family that he knew of, and had been living on the streets, since the orphanage he grew up in kicked him out at 16. As time went on Dejan got Milos involved with the training sessions, and he soon realised the boy was an incredibly talented football player.

The way he struck the ball was so pure, generating a massive amount of power for someone of such small stature. But the boy didn't just have power, he had accuracy to go with it as he seemed to be able to fire shots into the top corner of the net from 30 yards out with ease. Dejan remembered that training session well, as he asked Milos to join the girls in a practice match at the end of training, he remembered watching the boy in awe, as he ran rings around the girls, reminding him of himself at that age.

The next day, wanting to help the boy and not let his talents go to waste, he made some calls and used some old contacts and arranged some trials at professional clubs for Milos, but after attending, they all said the same thing. The boy was a very technical, quick and talented player with a very accurate shot, but at 5 foot 4, he was just too short to play professionally.



As time passed by, Milos and Dejan grew quite fond of each other. Dejan had never married and having driven all his family away during his years of alcohol abuse, thought of Milos as a little brother. Milos now lived in the Tiger's training building, sleeping on an old Sofa and had become a sort of coach/handyman, doing everything from training the girls to washing the kits.

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A month into the season, and there was a really positive attitude around the club, they had won all 6 of their opening games for the first time in their history, and the local media were getting carried away, saying it might finally be their year. But Dejan was staying calm, he knew this weekend was going to be their first true test, as they took on the Wolves, the team that had won the league for the last 4 years in a row.

It was going to be a tough game away from home, the Wolves were sponsored by some local businesses and as a result could pay their player a fairly decent wage. This attracted all the best players, making them almost unbeatable. Beside the mammoth task ahead of them Dejan also had a personal stake in the game. The Wolves were managed by his old nemesis Marko Mitic, a onetime teammate of Dejan when he was playing professionally. They had both competed for the same position in the starting line-up, but everyone could see Dejan was the much more talented player. As time went by, Marko had grown jealous of Dejan's ability and natural talent, which led to the horror tackle in training, which had ended Dejan's career.

In that one moment Marko had ruined his life, stolen his dream and given him a permanent limp for the rest of his life. He still remembered Marko's smiling face looking down at him, as lay of the ground clutching his shattered ankle, it was a recurring nightmare he still had to this day, waking up in the middle of the night in a cold sweat. Dejan's life spiralled out of control after that day as he relearned to walk after a year of surgeries, turning to the bottle to drown his sorrows.

Marko had gone on to have an average career, but without the necessary drive or talent, retired early and invested all his money into a local nightclub. But where he had been an average footballer, it turned out he was an excellent businessman, he now owning a string of bars and clubs throughout the city. And over the years, he had gained a reputation as a bit of a gangster and someone not to cross, as the stories of corruption and people disappearing were the stuff of legend. But even with his other commitments, Marko always made time for his team, the Wolves, and loved nothing better than to get one over on his old teammate Dejan.

Stood on the side of the pitch Dejan and Milos watched the girls train, "Hey Coach, I really think we've got a chance of beating the Wolves this year", Milos said enthusiastically.

Dejan thought for a second before he replied, "perhaps Milos, but we need to be perfect, we need to fight for every ball and be rock solid in defence".

"We've been training with the new formation all week and I think the girls, know what is expected of them, but even if we do concede a goal or two, this year we have Sonja on our side", Milos said smiling as Dejan nodded.

Over past few seasons, Marko and his team had always come out on top in their encounters with the Tigers, and loved to rub it in, but this year might be different Dejan thought, this year he had a secret weapon, he had Sonja, the goal machine.

When She had turned up to try out for the team in pre-season, she just oozed confidence and ability, and from the moment they gave her a ball everyone instantly knew, they had found a new star player. She was quick, athletic and had an could shoot. On the downside she wasn't the most likable character, in fact she was a complete bitch, but that was something Dejan and the team could put up with, as she was by far the best player in the team, perhaps the whole league.

Dejan had played Sonja up front as his main striker in all 6 games they had played that season, she had so far scored ten goals and inspired the girls around her to up their game, leaving the Tigers top of the league and the media raving about their performances.

As the two Serbian men watched the girls train, Sonja looking sharp and hungry, Dejan thought for the first time ever, that his team might actually stand a chance this year, not that he would ever say it out loud and jinx it.

**Chapter 2 – Haunted by the past**

The game against the wolves had finished. And with Dejan having left his team to shower and change, he was making his way down a narrow corridor, towards the two reporters, who were waiting outside to get some quotes to put in their match reports, only to be blocked off by his arch nemesis Marko Mitic.

“Hello Dejan, how’s the leg old friend”? A smirking Marko asked, as Dejan tried to limp past.

Dejan felt his blood boil, as he looked into the eyes of the man who had destroyed his footballing career, but on the outside he kept his cool, for today he had the bragging rights, his team had won. Sonja had scored a hat-trick and had almost singlehandedly won them the game.

“Don’t waste your time worrying about my leg Marko, if I were you, I’d be spending my time doing a little more training, what was the score again today, 3-1, was it not”?

Dejan could tell he had hit a nerve; he could see it on Marko’s face. “My team are champions, they are born winners, this was nothing but a blip, you can watch at the end of the season as we make history, lifting the trophy for a record fifth straight time”. Marko said in a raised voice.

“We’ll see about that, you’ll have to catch us first, and with Sonja in my team, we won’t lose many games. You don’t have anyone even half as good as her”, Coach said, again seeing the anger on Marko’s face.

“That confident are you little Dejan? Well let’s bet on it, or are you scared to put your money where your mouth is? Ten million dinars (£70,000) says that my team wins the cup this year”.

“A bet, no, I won’t bet with you”, Dejan replied, not wanting to get involved. As much as he despised the man, Dejan knew Marko was dangerous, he had heard the rumours of the dodgy deals and people disappearing, plus Dejan didn’t have that sort of money even if he sold his house twice over.

“Ah, same old Dejan, all talk. You are pathetic, you are weak. Weak in mind and body. Go on limp back to your loser team and leave me be”. Marko said laughing.

Dejan had had enough, he couldn’t stand there any longer and be insulted by the man that ruined his life. And in that moment, he made a rash decision that would change his fate forever. “Fine, you want to bet, lets bet, 10,000,000 dinar my team wins the cup this year, and on top, the losing manager walks away from football forever”. Dejan couldn’t believe he had just said that last part, but it felt good to see the look of surprise on Marko’s face.

After a moment’s pause, “Done” Marko replied, as he extended his hand so the two could confirm the bet with a handshake.

Dejan had regretted his decision from the moment he left the ground that day. He was now worried at all time that Sonja might get injured or get poached by another team. He started to have sleepless nights as his mental health started to deteriorate. He had always been a light-hearted fun character to be around, but the stress of the situation was getting to him, he started to snap and shout at his players for the smallest thing. Milos was bearing the brunt of this, as Dejan worried that he was not taking his role serious enough. Milos on the other hand was a typical nineteen-year old boy and being surrounded by a group of women all day, he couldn’t help but show off and try to impress them.

2 weeks later, Dejan arrived at the training ground and was furious seeing no training taking place, the girls were just huddled in a circle by the changing rooms chatting and giggling. Dejan stormed over ready to let out his frustrations, the girls saw him coming and stopped talking as he walked up.

“Hi Coach, we’re so glad you’re here, we’ve found a new player for the team, she’s a bit of a tomboy, but you should see her play”, a stocky girl with short hair said, before the whole group erupted in laughter.

Dejan was confused not sure what they were talking about, until suddenly, the group parted in front of him, revealing a very embarrassed looking Milos, wearing a Tigers kit and a blond wig. He had lost a bet with the girls and his forfeit was to join them in training that evening, as one of the girls.

Stood next to Katarina, a girl he had dated a few times, Milos felt really embarrassed, as the blond wig on his head tickled his blushing cheeks, albeit hidden by a thick layer of foundation covering his face.

Dejan just stood there with his mouth open, his eyes narrowing showing a hint of anger, noticing the two lumps protruded from the front of Milos’ shirt, thanks to the bra strapped tightly to his chest, and the football socks rolled up to fill the empty cups.

Milos seeing Coach about to explode spoke up, “Uhm I’m sorry Coach, it was just a bit of fun, I’ll go change right away so we can get on with training.

Looking around at the group of girls staring at him, Dejan calmed down and took a deep breathe. “No, it’s OK Milos, or perhaps I should call you Milena today, let’s get training”, he announced.

Dejan wasn’t exactly thrilled with the foolish distraction to training that evening, but with team spirit



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high and not wanting to risk ruining it over a little joke, he went about training as usual. After all, the team were still top of the league, having kept their winning start to the season going, but more importantly they were now seven points ahead of the Wolves.

Milos looked uncomfortable at first taking part in the training instead of shouting orders from the side-lines, but as time passed, he relaxed and started to enjoy himself. After a while, everyone seemed to forget Milos was dressed as a woman and focussed on getting to grips with the tactics for the game that weekend.

Dejan watched Milos from the side of the pitch as he was again reminded, of the amazing amount of natural talent the boy had, as he picked up the ball on the halfway line, dribble past three defenders with ease, before curling an unstoppable shot into the top corner. With his low centre of gravity and speed, Milos could skip past defenders effortlessly, making him unstoppable with the ball at his feet. "What a waste of a talent, if only he was a woman, he could play for us every week", Dejan thought, as he imagined the mind-blowing strike partnership, he could form playing Milos alongside Sonja.

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The next day around noon, Milos was summoned to Dejan's office.

"You wanted to see me Coach" Milos said, as he walked nervously into the room, getting the feeling Coach had something important to say to him.

"Yes, take a seat Milos". Coach said as he pointed to a chair on the opposite side of his desk.

Milos closed the door, walked over to the empty chair and sat down. "Erh, I'm sorry about yesterday Coach, it wasn't my idea, it was just the girls having fun".

"I know Milos, do not worry, I have no problem with fun, but I need your help", Dejan said staring Milos right in the eyes and making him feel a little nervous.

"Of course, Coach, you know me, I'll help, what do you need"? Milos said eagerly.

"Well, I know you are young and are just having a little fun, I remember what that was like. But at this crucial stage of the season, it should be a time for focus. You've been spending a lot of time with the girls partying and playing recently, I want to remind you how important this year is, this year we have a real opportunity to finally lift the cup but I need everyone 100% focused if we are to achieve this goal"

Milos fell silent and thought for a moment before responding. "Understood Coach, I guess I could spend a little less time partying. I'm willing to give everything I've got to help you and the team; you know I appreciate everything you've done for me, the last thing I want to do is let you down.

Dejan nodded. "Thank you, Milos, you are very important to our success here, I'm counting on you, if we work together, I'm certain this can be a special year.

You can count on me, Coach, I won't let you down". Milos said sincerely.



**Chapter 3 – A promise broken**

As he hung up the phone Dejan felt like he was about to be sick. It was the hospital informing him that some of his players had been involved in a car accident. He quickly got into his old beat up car and sped to the hospital as fast as he could, completing the usual 20-minute journey in half that time. On arrival, his worst nightmare was confirmed, Sonja was one of victims admitted along with, his centre back Katarina, his central midfielder Jana, and Milos.

He was told to wait as the doctors assessed their injuries. So Dejan just sat and waited for what seemed like hours, his mind imagining the worst, until finally, he was told he could speak to Milos if he wanted.

Walking into the room, the boy looked terrible, he was bruised and swollen and had a big bandage across his face. “My god, Milos, what the hell happened?” Dejan said with concern.



Milos slowly opened his eyes and looked up. “Coach, you are here, there was a bright light, a loud bang, I don’t know, am I going to be OK? Where am I?”, Milos said clearly confused and groggy due to the medication he had been administered.

“You are in the hospital Milos, and yes you are going to be OK, can you remember anything else about what happened?”

Milos looked around in a daze, “My head feels funny, Coach, I feel sleepy”.

Dejan realised he wasn’t going to get much sense from the boy, “Get some rest Milos, close your eyes and sleep”. Dejan watched as Milos, followed his instructions and fell into a gentle slumber.

Dejan would later find out Milos had stolen a car while drunk and taken the girls out for a joyride in an attempt to impress Katarina.

Not used to driving and not fully focussing on the road, Milos had veered on to the wrong side of the road, swerved to miss an oncoming car and slammed into a tree.

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Over the next few months, The Tigers form nosedived, as the Wolves closed the gap at the top of the league, eventually passing them. Without Sonja’s goals, the team had lost all but one game, a 0-0 draw against the team rock bottom of the league.

Sonja had ruptured a ligament in her leg, she had undergone surgery to repair it, she was now going through rehabilitation. She was recovering well but it was very unlikely she would play again that season. The other two girls, Katarina and Jana, were now back in the training after only minor injuries, but things were looking grim for Dejan with the Tigers now in fourth position.

After another low energy training session, with a team lacking in confidence, Dejan sat in his office drowning his sorrows with a bottle of Vodka, after all his years sober, he had started to drink again, as the whole world seemed to be falling apart around him. Without Sonja, there was no way his team could defeat the Wolves, meaning he would lose the bet, have to quit football, and somehow find 10,000,000 dinars to pay Marko. He didn’t know what to do as everything just seemed so hopeless.

Dejan was halfway through his bottle, when he heard a little little knock on his office door, which he initially ignored. But the visitor was persistent and knocked again this time slightly louder, before trying the handle and opening the door.

“Get the hell out of here, I don’t want to see anyone, especially you Milos”, Dejan screamed. It had been 2 months since he had last seen Milos and he looked a little different. After the accident he had needed surgery to fix the broken bones in his face, where he had collided with the steering wheel. They had rebuilt his shattered nose and fixed his broken cheekbones and jaw. Dejan had visited him a few more times in the hospital, after the accident. But when he discovered the truth about the stolen car and the drunk driving, he had been furious. His last visit had ended with him telling Milos to stay away from the club as he never wanted to see him again.

Milos ignoring the request to leave and walked into the dimly lit room that smelled awful. He had expected the hostile reception, but he hadn’t expected to see Coach knocking back a bottle of Vodka. “Coach what are you doing? No please, you can’t start drinking again. All those stories you told me about the drink destroyed your life and the struggles you went through to put your life back together again”.

“It’s too late for that Milos. And this time it’s you who have destroyed my life, you and your stupidity. Do you know what, you’ve done? I warned you about focussing. Now I’m going to lose everything, I’m going to have to sell my house, quit the team and probably leave this city forever”. Dejan said loudly, slurring his words.

“I was stupid, I know and I’m so, so sorry, but I don’t understand, why do you have to quit the team? Why do you have to leave”? Milos said surprised.

Over the next couple minutes, Dejan told Milos about the bet with Marko as he listened intently. “Oh my god, I had no idea, this is my fault, I wish I could take it back, there must be something I can do to make this right, please Coach, I’ll do anything” the boy pleaded.

“There is nothing you can do Milos unless you can find me another Sonja. You can leave me now; you know where the door is”. Dejan said refilling his glass.

“Please Coach, I feel terrible, I should have been the one injured that night not Sonja, If I could change places with her I would”, Milos said.

Dejan, put down his glass and looked at Milos carefully, with his new nose and rounded face he did look a little effeminate. Perhaps it was the vodka coursing through his veins or perhaps it was due to not sleeping more than three hours a night, since the accident, but in that moment Dejan had a thought, a crazy thought of a desperate man, but one that just might work.

“You know Milos perhaps there is something you can do”.

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The team had watched Dejan deteriorating over the last few months, as the former warm and encouraging father figure, had become erratic and angry. So, when he turned up with Milos to training one day, telling the team to call him Milena, and that he was joining the team, they all thought he had lost his mind. But after three wins from the next three games where Milos, where had torn the opposition apart, scoring 14 goals, they soon came around to the idea.

He was even looking the part. Not wanting to get caught and thrown out of the league, Dejan had arranged for Milos to move in with Sonja and her housemates, where she was instructed to do all that was necessary to turn Milos into a convincing woman. Sonja wasn't too happy about this at first, after Milos had driven her into a tree and left her with an unattractive scar on her leg. In fact, she couldn't stand the sight of him but with the promise of a hefty sum of money, if the Tigers won the league, she had agreed to help out.

Dejan picked Sonja, thinking she would be the perfect person to help Milos adapt to his new role as Milena. Sonja had studied a cosmetology course at a local college a few years ago, along with two of the other girls on the team, this is how she had ended up playing for the Tigers, trying out after her friends had talked her into it. The three of them now shared an apartment and just so happened to have a spare room after their old house mate Katya had moved to London with her boyfriend.

When Milos turned up at the apartment with his single bag, containing everything he owned in the world. He was blown away by his new spacious home. He couldn't believe his eyes as he was given a quick tour of the place and allowed to drop his bag in his new bedroom, he had never had his own bed or room before and was overwhelmed with excitement even if the room was decorated for a woman.

But his excitement didn't last long as he soon discovered this new luxury way of living would come at a cost, as his new housemates and former beauty students wasted no time, upon his arrival, transforming Milos into Milena.

He had been in the apartment barely five minutes before he was led to the bathroom and told take a long soak in the bathtub full of bubbles. The flowery scents from the water invaded his nostrils causing him to sneeze as Sonja handed him a pack of disposable razors and told him to shave off every hair below his eyebrow, being careful not to cut himself.

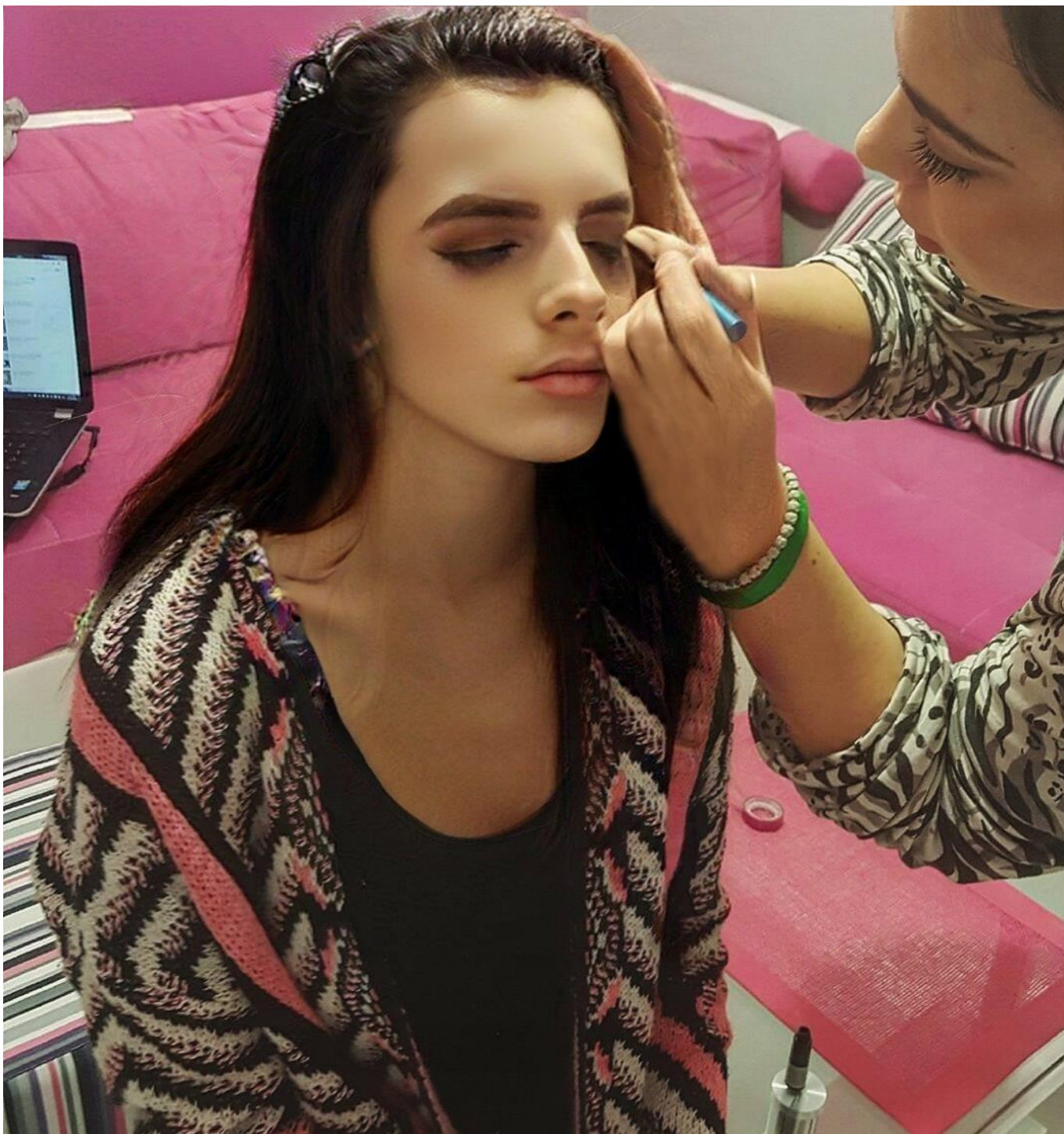
Out of the bathroom, wearing the robe left for him, Milos was shown properly around his new room. The wardrobe and draws were full of women's clothes and undergarments, some left by Katya when she moved out and the rest, donated by his three housemates.

Alongside the wardrobes that covered the entirety of one wall, his eyes were drawn to the comfortable looking double bed next to a window. Sonja walked up to the vanity, covered in bottles and powders, next to a large floor to ceiling mirror, and picked up a bottle of moisturiser. Handing it to Milos, he was told to rub it all over his body twice a day, once in the morning, after his shower, and once before bed, starting right now.

Noticing his bag had mysteriously vanished from where he had placed it, Milos was handed a pair of pink panties and a matching bra, that was silky to the touch. Refusing to give him any privacy, the girl watched and giggled as an embarrassed Milos, disrobed and slipped on the panties as fast as he could. But his embarrassment had only just begun as one of the girls, reached into his new pink underwear, grabbing his manhood and roughly tucking it back between his legs, leaving him uncomfortable and completely flat in the front of his pink panties.

Next came the bra, which was fastened tightly around his chest, before two fleshy mounds were placed into the cups. The fake breasts were a little sticky on one side helping them to stay in place, the overall effect was quite a convincing, giving him a small but realistic looking cleavage. With his new underwear on, it was time to get dressed. The outfit the girls picked consisted of a black vest top with a round neck, a denim miniskirt, that exposed his newly shaved legs and a knitted jacket that ended around mid-thigh. He was given a pair of 3-inch cork wedge sandals, and having slipped them on his feet, he was marched out to the living room where the girls had set up a makeshift salon area, around the sofa.

Milos gulped as he tottered in on his unfamiliar footwear, seeing all the laid-out strands of hair and bags of makeup. The next part of the makeover took hours, as long dark hair extensions were attached to his head, once woven in he was taken to the bathroom where the girls dyed his hair to help it blend in and more look natural.



While his hair was being done, His eyebrows were shaped and filled in with a pencil before they started on his makeup.

Milos was in a state of shock as they revealed his new look in front of the large mirror in his bedroom. He didn't recognise himself, the hair and makeup along with his surgically altered face had completely erased the boy he had seen all his life, replacing him with a stranger. The girls all agreed that the result was quite impressive, definitely convincing enough to play for the team and fool anyone watching. Especially in a league full of tomboys.

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Milos found it tough to adapt to his new life as a woman, the training and lessons he was given by the girls, forced him to constantly think about the way he looked and moved.

But as the weeks passed by, and the wins on the pitch kept coming, Milos became a popular figure amongst the girls on the team. They had accepted him as part of the group and thanks to his goal scoring prowess, idolised him.

But the more comfortable and happy Milos became just made Sonja, even more angry at Milos, not only had he recklessly endangered her life, he had now replaced as the start player on the team, she had been forgotten about and replaced. As Sonja sat one evening, in the apartment, looking at her hideous scar and massaging her aching lower leg, she felt anger like she had never

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experienced in her life. “How is it fair that Milos, got to walk away from that accident scot free, when it was all his fault” she thought. She hadn’t even wanted to get in the car that evening, she had been talked into it by Katarina. Now here she was, scarred for life, as Milos got cheered and praised each weekend, loved and adored by a rapidly growing fanbase. “This will not do”, she thought, “he needs to experience some consequences for his actions”.

Over the next few weeks Milos’ life became incredibly challenging, as each day Sonja, hell bent on revenge, seemed to add some crazy new rule that he was expected to follow. He had tried complaining to Coach but he wouldn’t listen, he just told him that Sonja knew best and to do whatever was needed to avoid anyone finding out their secret. This left Sonja with free reign to do whatever she wanted to Milos, and she took full advantage to punish milos for his past discretions.

The first thing she changed was his diet, Milos’ normal meals were reduced to tiny portions and mostly consisted of fruit and vegetables, all meat and carbs were banned, with water the only liquid he was allowed to drink.

Next, he was forced to do 100 squats every morning and evening, as Sonja watched and commented, this left his glutes and buttocks in a constant state of pain from all the excessive use, and as the weeks passed they worryingly starting to take on a more feminine rounded shape.

Milos was also forced to practice applying makeup for hours on end, watching YouTube tutorials that Sonja had selected. After weeks of practice, he was now able to apply the most dramatic of looks with ease as Sonja insisted he always have a full face of makeup even in the house, just in case he was spotted and recognised as a fraud.

Milos thought all these rules and routines were ridiculous, as well as Sonja’s reasons for implementing them, but having promised to help Coach and not wanting to let him down for a second time he suffered through. At least for the first time in his life he had an opportunity to play football for a real team with supporters that cheered for him, the season would be over in a few months, so for now he could cope and if possible try to enjoy the moments he was out on the pitch.

This week’s rule Sonja had introduced, was to upload at least three pictures, per day, to an Instagram account she had created for him. It was a bit of an inconvenience as he kept forgetting to upload the pictures, but at least this rule made sense to him. As Sonja had told him, a young woman like Milena would have a social media presence, it would appear suspicious if anyone searched for her and failed to find anything.



On a Saturday evening a few weeks later, after a thrilling game of football, watched by a cheering crowd, Milos walked off the pitch to a standing ovation. He had scored 4 goals and single handily won the game. Back in the dressing room, the girls all celebrated and showered him with compliments. With this latest victory, the Tigers had climbed back up the league and were now once again in the playoff places. Sonja was there in the dressing room, as Dejan still wanted to

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include her in team activities, and she suggested a girl's night out to celebrate the victory. Milos wasn't too keen, but the other girls loved the idea, convincing him to join in, and arranging to meet at a local bar later that evening.

Back in the apartment, later that evening, Milos was feeling very self-conscious standing in front of the mirror. Up until this point he had only been out in public to go to and from training and games.

Looking at his reflection as he took a selfie of himself and Sonja before they left to meet the girls, he couldn't take his eyes off his feminized reflection. He had spent the last hour applying his makeup and straightening his long hair.

He still found it strange looking at his reflection after the surgery, it's wasn't as though he looked like a completely different person, he still looked like him, his features just seemed a little softer and feminine now, and with his face caked in makeup, he really did look like a young woman about to hit the town for a night of partying.

Milos tried to steady his shaking hand, to take a picture as Sonja told him to smile. It was going to be a whole new experience walking the streets, of his local city, dressed as he was. His black top decorated in sparkling rhinestones tented out in the front showing the outline of his fake bosom beneath and felt wet from the copious amounts of perfume Sonja had doused him in.

He had been happy at first when Sonja gave him a pair of jeans to wear, instead of a skirt. But having squeezed his legs in and somehow forced the restrictive material up and around his padded bottom, he wondered if a skirt might be more comfortable. He could hardly move his acid washed denim covered legs, with more than a little skin on display though the designed horizontal rips going up the length of each leg, the pressure on his manhood, which had been tucked back tightly between his legs was almost unbearable, as he dreaded the thought of having to use the bathroom later.



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It was night new experiences for Milos as he got quite a bit of attention, stumbling around in his restrictive outfit and wedge ankle boots he was given to wear. He had practiced a little wearing heels in the apartment, but it didn't prepare him for walking around on the uneven streets of Serbia, trying to avoid manhole covered and any gaps or holes, that might send him toppling over. Sonja showed him no sympathy as he wobbled along trying to keep up with the girls, telling him his heels were only 3-inches tall, and that her 12-year-old sister could manage them.

Once the posey of women arrived at the local sports bar, which would be their destination for the night. Milos started being recognised by quite a few people, his goal scoring antics had given rise to quite a few news articles recently and he had become the talk of the town. People wanted to talk to him, congratulate him on his impressive form, and buy him drinks. Of course, Sonja encouraged him to talk to his fans, especially as most were young men, after more than a little conversation.

As the night drew on and the drinks kept flowing, the constant stream of men that surrounded Milos, started to get a little bolder, as he brushed away wandering hands that were trying to touch his hair and stroke his arms and lower back. Flustered and losing his patience, and wanting to go home, he spotted Sonja by the bar and walked over on his now sore feet.

"Sonja can we please go home soon, it's been a long day and people keep touching me". Milos said with pleading eyes.

Sonja laughed, "go home, no way, the nights still young, so suck it up princess, it's not my fault you've become a local celebrity or that your booty looks too good in resist in those painted on jeans".

Milos looked at her stunned "But, you picked this outfit, and you were the one who made me do all those squats, that has made my bum swell up like this".

"Stop your bitching, we're here to have fun, it's bad enough I have to babysit you all day every day, now can you please just leave me be, I'd like to have at least one night without having to listen to your incessant complaining". Sonja said before turning back to chat to the tall dark-haired man she was trying to take home that evening.

Milos walked away angry and frustrated, he thought about just walking out the door, but with no money and knowing the walk back to the apartment was too far to manage, even if his feet weren't killing him. he sat in a corner and just passed the time, fending off advances from the persistent men who kept approaching him with their corny chat up lines.

He had never realised how different it was for women on a night out, as he was developing a newfound respect for them and a hatred for drunken young men.

**Chapter 4 – Adapt to survive**

In Sonja's quest to torment Milos, the body changes and makeovers were becoming more frequent. She would tell him that now he was becoming a local celebrity, he would need to work even harder to look the part or else risk someone finding out his secret.

There were numerous facial treatments, where he was forced to sit through masks, peels and laser treatments, all leaving his face silky smooth and completely hairless, he had never had a lot of facial hair, but Sonja had somehow stopped even that from growing.

His ears were pierced, and earrings and jewellery, were now something he would need to wear on a daily basis. It took some getting used to for Milos, as a man he hadn't even worn a watch, now he was constantly aware of the jangling and clanking of his bracelets and earrings, as they jumped about every time he turned his head or moved in the slightest.

The introduction of jewellery was an annoyance but something he could cope with, that is until one morning, sat on the pink sofa in the living room, Sonja decided his nails needed some attention. She got to work, filling, clipping and trimming his cuticles, before she took out some clear nail tips and started gluing them to end of each fingertip.

Milos watched in a trance as she applied some gooey white material over the top and spread it out evenly. His hand was then guided into a strange looking device with a blur light as Sonja started work on his other hand. When done, Milos was in a state of shock as he carefully twisted and turned his hands in front of his face. His nails now extended an inch beyond his fingertips, ending in a rounded pointy tip. Most were painted a black colour, that shined in the light, but a few fingers were painted white, which was fashionable Sonja informed him. Fastening the little clasps to put on his earrings and jewellery was now going to be a much more challenging task, as well as many other day-to-day activities, he had taken for granted with shorter nails.

"Sonja aren't these a little impractical to play football", Milos said as he held up a hand showing her his claw like nails.

"Don't be silly, you'll be fine, it's football, you can't use your hands, you're not the goalkeeper", Sonja replied smiling at the other girls in the room, watching some awful reality TV show, giggled at her comment.

Milos was less impressed by the stupid answer, "Yes, but what if..", he was interrupted, "shush, it's done now, you just need to get used to them, by the end of the day I bet you won't even notice them, we all have acrylic tips and we get by just fine" the three girls in the room all lifted their hands showing Milos their own extended nails, albeit, nowhere near as long as his".

Milos was a frustrated figure as he fumbled his way through the rest of the afternoon, struggling to do simple tasks he used to find easy like, opening doors, picking things up, and fastening buttons of his jeans after using the bathroom, he just couldn't get used to these new nails, but having tried to pull one off found it completely anchored to his own nail beneath. So already feeling frustrated and fed up, when Sonja announced they would be heading out to do a little shopping, he really wasn't in the mood. "Millie, go take a shower and pick out something cute to wear, we're going into the city to pick up a few things".

"Well, I won't be much use then as I can't pick up anything with these nails", Milos said lifting up his hands. "Ha-ha, very funny now get going or it's going to get late", Sonja replied.

Milos managed to undress himself and turn on the shower, the warm water felt nice on his hair free skin, and as he washed his long brunette locks, with nourishing shampoo, he found the first, and perhaps only, positive to having inch long nails. Raking his nails along the top of his head, and massaging his scalp felt amazing, it was so relaxing, he just wanted to stay there all day. But, as Sonja banged on the door and asked if he was done yet, bringing him back to reality, he knew it was time to get out and face reality.

Back in his room, he ran into more problems caused by his long acrylic talons. He couldn't apply his makeup, if it were up to him, he would have just left the house without wearing any but knowing Sonja would get angry, he asked her for help. She seemed to be expecting the question and quickly agreed to help him out. She worked quickly painting his face, as Milos sat there while she applied powders, and liquids onto his face.

The look she had gone for was a lot heavier than Milos was expecting, thinking it was a look more suited to a nightclub, not a Tuesday afternoon shopping trip. But as he looked up at Sonja, and started to open his mouth to complain, she shot him a look that said don't you dare say anything.

While Milos sat by the vanity, in just his silky underwear, straightening his hair with a pair of flat irons, Sonja went over to his huge wardrobe and started selecting an outfit for him to wear. He watched her through the mirror as she placed a pair of black stretchy leggings on the bed behind him, followed by a black spaghetti strap top, and a white short-sleeved shirt, which didn't have buttons and tied around the waist.

"OK, I've picked out an easy to wear outfit, while you adjust to your new nails, no buttons or zips, so you shouldn't have a problem slipping it on", Sonja said as she placed a chunky fake jewelled necklace around Milos' neck and some bangles on his left wrist. "Thanks, I guess", Milos mumbled, still sulking.

"Come on cheer up, it wasn't my idea to dress you up as a woman, I'm just doing what I can to help", Sonja said looking angry.

"OK, I'm sorry" Milos said, "this is all just so new to me, and I just don't understand why I have to be such a girly girl, the rest of the team don't wear makeup and tight clothes and they definitely don't have nails like these".

"The rest of the team are not men in disguise, you have to look more feminine than all of them, so no one thinks for one second that you could be anything other than the woman you appear to be, do you not see that?", Sonja said looking at him through the mirror.

"I do, I get it", Milos said, not wanting to argue with her.

"Good, now get dressed and meet me out in the Livingroom, I need to go and get ready myself. Oh and before you complain about not being able to fasten your shoes, don't worry, these are slip on", Sonja said with an evil grin, as she picked up the patent platform pumps, he had been forced to practice wearing for the last week or so.



## The beautiful game

Ten minutes later, Milos tottered into the living room, the clicking sound from floor a reminder of the feminine prison he now found himself trapped in. The other two girls were still watching their show but gave him a quick compliment on his outfit as he plopped himself down on the sofa to wait for Sonja to finish getting ready. As he sat there trying to ignore the mind numbingly boring show on the TV, Milos couldn't believe Sonja had picked out these shoes for their outing, not only would he stand out on a Tuesday afternoon, he knew he was in for an afternoon of pain. The longest he had ever walked in the shoes, was an hour, and that was around the apartment, with its flat smooth floors, and even then, he remembered the intense ache of his calf muscles and the throbbing of his toes.

Hours later, having walked from shop to shop, navigating uneven pavements, and going up and down, what seemed like every staircase in the city, Milos had lost the feeling in his toes as his feet pulsed, and he hobbled along behind Sonja trying to keep up.

They were currently in an underground mall, cutting through as a shortcut, to their next destination. As Sonja stopped to look in a shop window, Milos tried one more time to convey to her just how much pain he was in.

"Please, Sonja, I can't feel my feet, what if I fall and break an ankle, I won't be able to play for the team anymore, what will Coach say?"

"Fine, you big cry baby, one more stop and then we'll head back, now you know how women feel, forced to wear uncomfortable shoes, all in the name of fashion, now stop complaining and suck it up, ten more minutes and we'll head back".

"Easy for her to say", thought Milos, looking at Sonja's comfortable looking trainers.



Flash, flash, flash. Bright lights blinded the two of them as they spun around to see what was going on. A man with a camera, obviously recognising them, had started snapping pictures. Milos put his head in his hand, wondering if this day could get any worse. Sonja walked over and told him to get lost, or she'd shove his camera up his arse. The man looked terrified, apologised for disturbing them before scuttling away.

"I guess you really are a celebrity now, Millie" Sonja said re-joining him, "anyway, let's get a move on, before someone else recognises you".

Milos continued to adjust to his new nails over the next few days, as he discovered new ways to use his hands. He could now dress himself and even do his makeup. He was still finding it hard to pick up small things or sent text messages, but the long claw like nails were definitely now easier to manage.

On Saturday, The Tigers had an important game, having fought their way back up the league, today they faced the team above them. They were a good team with a solid defence, but if the Tigers could come away with victory, they would leapfrog them into second place.

It was a dull first half with few chances, Milos had felt uncomfortable playing football with his new nails, it felt awkward to run, and the opposite team had given him a lot of nasty and embarrassing comments, trying to put him off his game.

Dejan watching from the side was getting nervous, as the second half drew on and the minutes ticked away, Milos was not his usual self today, missing a lot of chances. But as the fourth official indicated there would be two further minutes of added time, Milos showed everyone watching what he was capable of.

The opposition team had the ball and were attacking with pace, they had thrown everyone forward sensing they could find a winning goal.

With possession of the ball out on the right wing, the muscular opposition winger ran with the ball passing the left back like she wasn't there, cutting inside ready to unleash a shot on goal. The whole stadium expected her to score, and she would have, except for a last-ditch tackle by Katerina, who threw herself in front of the ball to block the shot.

The ball flew up into the air as the crowd, strained their necks to follow it, the ball was in the air for what seemed an eternity, before it came racing down towards the ground, Milos who was standing in his own half, having come back to help the team defend, watched the ball as it dropped rapidly. With mere seconds left on the clock, he thought, "what the hell", and wound back his foot for a speculative shot.

His connection was pure as he struck the ball on the volley, the crowd gasped as the ball flew like a missile up towards the opposition goal. The trajectory was straight, and the ball didn't waver at all from its path. The scrambling opposition goalkeeper had no chance of saving it, even if she had been on her line, as the ball almost broke the net. The crowd roared, having just witnessed one of the best goals of all time, and the referee blew the final whistle.



## The beautiful game

Mobbed by his teammates Milos was carried from the field as the crowd chanted Milena over and over. Back in the changing rooms the celebrations continued as the team sang and danced as milos enjoyed the attention he was receiving.

After a few minutes of celebrating, with the team, Milos, slipped away and went looking for Coach. He had wanted to speak to him for the last few days about the situation with Sonja and thought today, with everyone in a good mood, might be a good time.

He found the door open and knocked, gently. Dejan, who was sat behind his desk stood up upon seeing Milos, walked across the room and gave him a huge hug, "Wow, Milos, what a goal, I've never seen anything like it", Dejan said with a huge smile.

"Thanks Coach, I didn't really think about it, I just hit it", Milos said as the two broke their embrace.

"Well, it was spectacular, come take a seat", Dejan said as they both walked over towards his desk and sat on opposite sides, "Do you want a drink"?

Milos looked worried and Dejan noticed the fear on Milos' face "Don't worry, I meant a soft drink or water, I'm off the alcohol again now, I've been sober for 17 days. It got bad again there for a while, but thanks to you Milos, I'm back on the straight and narrow, now what did you want to talk to me about"?

Noticing how happy and how much healthier Coach looked, Milos decided not to threaten to quit, like he had intended when entering the office, instead he tried a different tactic. "Well coach, it's Sonja. I know you told her to help me with this disguise", lifting his hands and moving them down his body to emphasise the point, "but she might be jeopardising everything".

"Go on", Dejan said, as Milos noticed the concern on his face and feeling happy that his tactic was working.

"Well you see, she's forcing me to go out drinking to bars and out in to the city where people are spotting me and taking pictures, there is even talk of going out to a bar later tonight", Milos said, sure Coach would put a stop to thinks as there was a no drinking rule during the season.

Dejan thought for a minute, before he gave his response, and it wasn't what Milos wanted to hear, "You know Milos, perhaps I've been a little uptight in the past, team spirit has never been better and we have won every game since you joined the team, you know what, I'm changing the rule, in fact tonight I'm throwing a party here at the club, food and drinks are on me but only juice for me, of course".

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"A party, are you serious? Coach's throwing a party", were the comments in the changing room as Milos was readying himself to head back to the apartment.

Sonja walked over and stood above the bench were Milos was sat, "So, Millie, I hear Coach is throwing you a part tonight, how wonderful".

"Er, it's not like that Sonja, it's not for me it's for the team", Milos spluttered.

"Oh, don't be so modest, you just scored the goal of the season and won the game, of course it's your party, now let's get off home, so we can get our special girl ready for her big party",

Three hours later, Milos was back at the football ground, the hours after the game were a blur as they had rushed back to the apartment to get ready. After a soak in the bath and washing his hair, Milos had been at the mercy of Sonja and his two other housemates as they went about making him look beautiful.

Standing outside the football club, he could hear the faint beat of the music from inside the building as he felt a gust of wind blow through his curled hair and up fancy dress. He still couldn't believe he was in public wearing a dress, or anywhere for that matter. It was his first time wearing a dress, having refused point blank up until now. It was such a strange feeling having his smooth hairless legs, only covered by thin tights, exposed to the elements. His skin felt so sensitive, as each gust of wind, and the swish of his thighs, rubbing against each other as he walked, were a completely new but not entirely awful feeling.

He was once again perched on top of his 6-inch platform pumps, he should have been used to the feeling of balancing on his tiptoes by now, as Sonja had forced him to wear these shoes almost 24 hours a day in an effort to adapt to higher heels, but even after all the hours of practice, he still felt as though he was about to topple off, the ankle breaking death traps, loosely attached to his feet.

Looking over towards the main door, Milos spotted one of the girls from the team, who had snuck outside to have a sneaky cigarette. She saw Milos and waved him over.

Milos trotted over, slowly towards the girl, down the old uneven path, and was greeted with a hug and an air kiss. "Wow, Milena, you look gorgeous, are you sure you're really Milos under there"? The girl joked.

Milos blushed "Hello Teodora, you look nice yourself and yes, I find it hard to believe sometimes, but it is me under here", Milos said.

"I know, I'm only teasing, but you do look beautiful, I love your dress, and those shoes, how can you walk in them, step back and let me get a look at you".

Milos stepped back and turned to the side, brushing a long curl from in front of his face, "With difficulty, I'm still getting used to the height of these shoes".

Teodora smiled, before dropping her cigarette and stubbing it out under her own 3-inch blocky heel. "Well you look like you were born to wear them, shall we go inside", she said, "everyone will be really excited to see you.



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Teodora was right, the whole room stopped what they were doing as Milos walked trotted in. They all cheered and gave him a round of applause welcoming him to the party.

The night turned out to be really fun, Milos had never had so much praise and attention before in his life. Perhaps life wasn't so bad after all. Growing up with no family, he had always been alone and left to fend for himself. Being a part of the Tigers was like having a family for the first time in his life, it had given him something he had never had before, a home and a place to belong.

Nothing could ruin his mood, that evening, not his aching feet, his flimsy outfit, or even the scowl on Sonja face every time he caught a glimpse of her, as he drank, sang and danced the night away.



**Chapter 5 - Her true colours**

In the weeks that followed, Milos was much more relaxed about his situation. He had decided to just give his all towards helping the team and if that also meant learning how to live as Milena Ivanovic, star striker and local celebrity, that's just what he would do. He followed all of Sonja's instructions, which meant dressing exclusively in short skirts, dresses and high heels. He did his daily squats and kept to his low-calorie diet, which was having a noticeable effect on his body, as he lost weight at an alarming rate.



Sonja on the other hand was furious, not only was everyone treating Milos like some sort of god, he wasn't even complaining anymore. It seemed no matter what she did now, he just accepted it. She had started making him change his nail colour daily to try and annoy him, but he just did it without complaint. She had emptied his wardrobe of all pants and removed all the shoes with anything less than a stilt like heel, but again he had not said a word and just put on the clothes left behind, getting on with things.

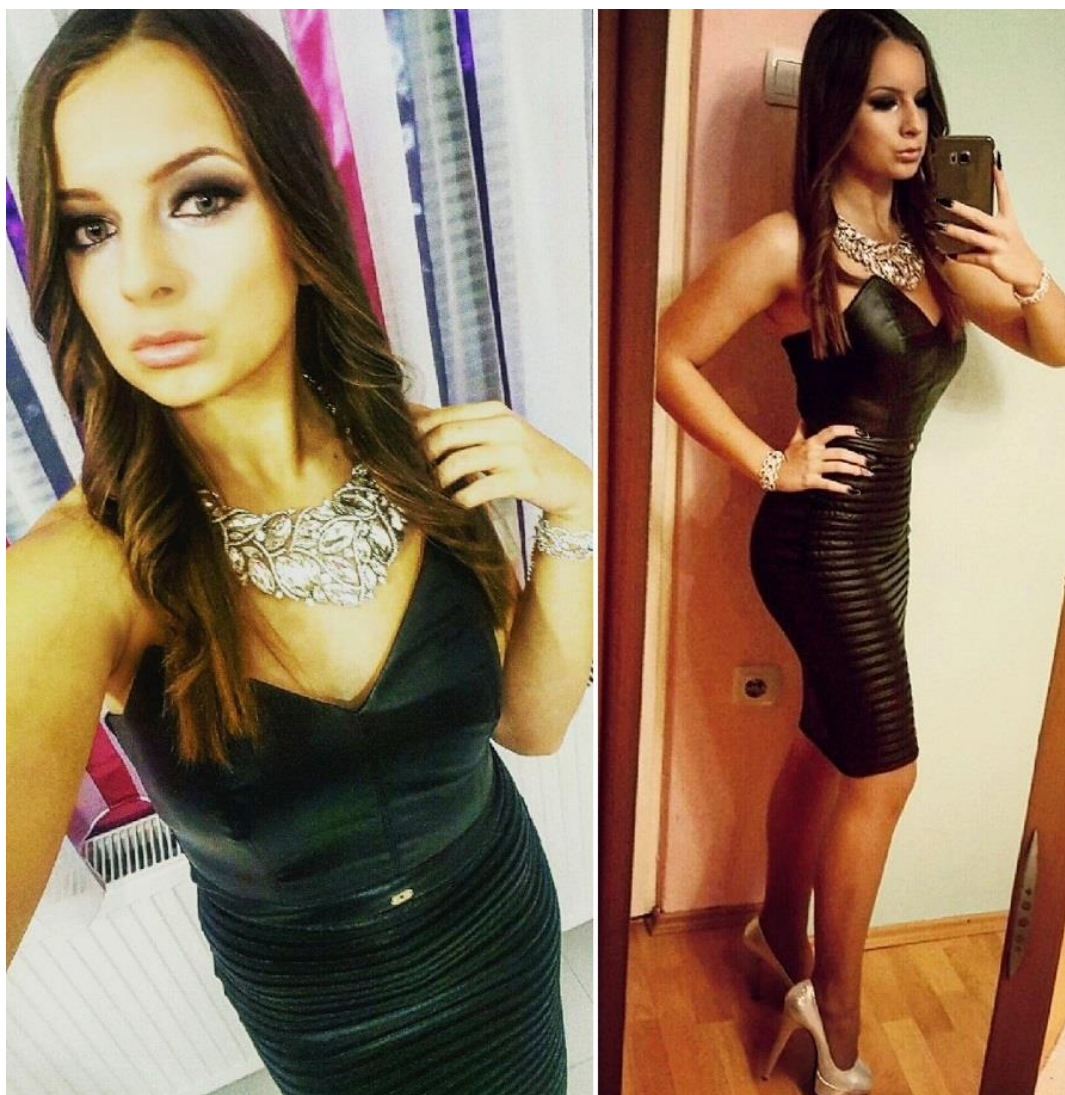
Milos found himself quickly adjusting to life in skirts, once he stopped listening to the voice in his head that kept telling him it was wrong, and that men shouldn't wear skirts. He actually found wearing them quite comfortable, much more so that the tight pants and short shorts he had been wearing for months, squashing his male parts.

As time went on, the other girls in the apartment were starting to turn against Sonja, as they warmed up to Milos and were getting sick of Sonja always bad mouthing and plotting against him. But for Sonja the thing that really sent her over the edge was

the front cover of the newspaper she saw one morning, as she ate her breakfast. There was Milos on the front cover, smiling and posing for a picture. The article talked about him being an inspiration and a hero to local young women, who should aspire to be like him. Sonja ripped the paper in two and flung it across the room, it should be her getting all this praise, not Milos, he had stolen it from her. She decided in that moment to destroy him, whatever it took, starting with his reputation and public image.

A week later. Sonja told milos he needed to experience a proper girl's night out in a nightclub. Milos agreed to go. He had been on a few nights out as Milena now and although he hated all the male attention, being able to dance, drink, and forget his situation for a few hours didn't sound so bad.

A few hours later, Milos stood in front of his bedroom mirror, taking a few selfies, as instructed by Sonja. He went through the poses, he had been taught, the face shot, looking sultry from above, and the hand on hip shot, pushing out his bum and arching his back. He couldn't help but think the girl in the mirror looked sexy, but he was far from happy with his black rubbery dress Sonja had picked out for him to wear. With his new mindset of getting on with things and not arguing, he had just accepted it along with the shapewear, currently crushing his ribs under the clingy dress. He now regretted not asking for something else to wear. Yes, it was a nightclub, but he was still going to attract a fair amount of attention dressed like this.



He had spent hours on his hair and smoky eyed makeup, trying to get the look exactly right. He had followed a YouTube makeup tutorial for a club look and did an excellent job even if he did say so himself.

"Oh, very nice, you are going to drive all the boys crazy tonight, in that sexy dress you little slut", Sonja said with a smile. Lately Sonja had started making nasty comments like this, and Milos hated it.

Milos didn't respond to the comment, he just looked up at Sonja in the doorway and smiled. He could see the anger on her face, he had realised a while back, that the best way to get back at Sonja was not to give her the reactions she wanted.

"Were leaving in five minutes, don't forget to put some condoms in your purse, a dirty little whore like you is bound to need them", Sonja said, clearly annoyed, as she stomped off towards the living room.

Milos pissed off by the comment, took a moment to reflect on the situation he currently found himself in. He was stuck living with a mean, insulting bitch, who was slowly feminising him against his will. Everyday there seemed to be some new embarrassing task or beauty treatment to endure.

He was now forced to sit through the painful weekly waxing sessions, he always wore wear heavy makeup including fake eyelashes at all times unless he was showering or sleeping. His hair care routine seemed to be getting more complex and time consuming each day, and his skin had taken on an unnatural orange colour from all the fake tan that had been rubbed into it. And, of course, there were

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dam nails, that he still hated more than any of the other changes to his appearance, they just made everything so difficult, even after all the time to get used to them, he was still constantly scratching and poking himself. He was also expected to take care of them filling and adding a new polish daily. He was now Sonja's human Barbie doll, to dress up and humiliate. But he had made a promise to Coach, and the season would be over in a few months, then everything could go back to normal, he just had to find a way to ignore Sonja and focus the football.

The night started off alright. Once inside the club, Milos and a few other girls, ditched Sonja and went straight to the dance floor to let off some steam. He moved his body to the beat of the music, swaying from one high heeled pump to the other.

The girls accompanying Milos were in a flirty mood, as they danced around him, running their hands over the sleek material of his dress and down his legs, encased in shiny tights. After a few minutes of this, Milos was getting really turned on, which was not a comfortable experience, with his penis tightly strapped between his legs. He made an excuse and headed toward the bathroom.

When he returned, Sonja had found the group and had bought them a round of drinks. Not wanting to look ungrateful, Milos accepted the Vodka and orange, and sipped away through the straw, while he again began to dance with the other girls. But It wasn't long before the room started to spin, and he found it hard to keep his balance especially wearing his towering high heel pumps. He started to panic, not knowing what was happening, his tolerance for alcohol was not what it used to be, but he had only had one drink.

The rest of the night was a blur, he just remembered being surrounded by men as he desperately pushing away hands trying to rub his upper legs and bottom. He remembered stumbling away, before falling into the arms of some random man, who had held him tight, before spinning him around for a sexy dance, rubbing his body against his bottom. He remembered the feeling of the man's scratchy beard nuzzling into his neck, and the stranger's erection rubbing itself between his buttocks though his dress. He remembered feeling sick to his stomach, and then nothing.

Milos woke up in his bed the next afternoon, still dressed in his clubbing outfit with makeup stains all over his pillow. His body ached all over and his head was pounding, it was the worse hangover he had ever experienced.

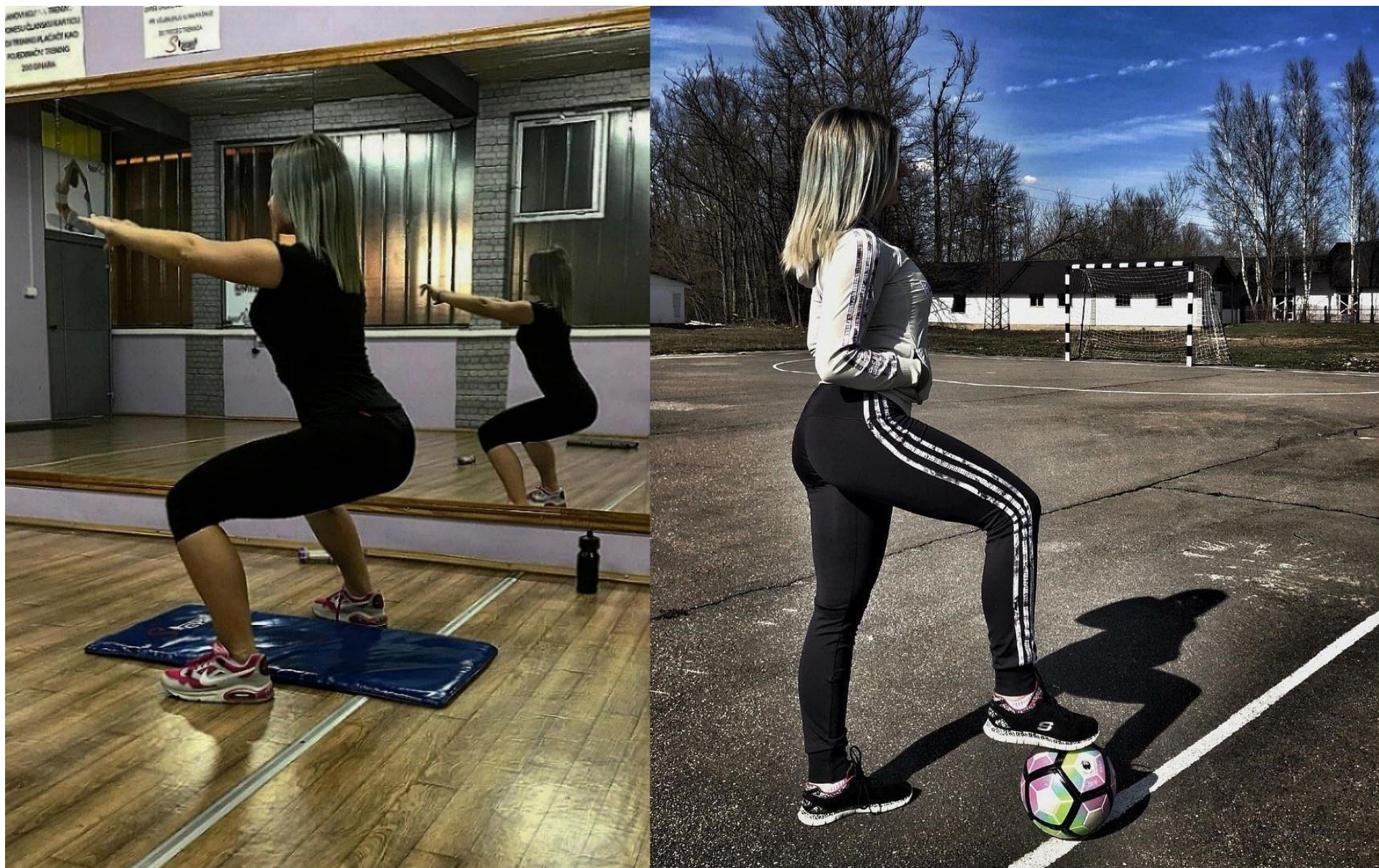
He spent the rest of the day in bed, trying to work out what had happened the night before. He didn't want to admit it but it was pretty obvious what had happened, he had had his drink spiked, but the question was. Had it been Sonja who did it?

When he asked her about it, Sonja told him he had just drunk too much and tried to change the subject. It seemed very suspicious to Milos and he had a strong suspicion she knew more than she was letting on. But with no proof, he decided to be more careful around her from now on and just focus on the things in his life he could control.

Without a job to go to like some of the other girls on the team, who needed to supplement their meagre salary from the football club with another job, Milos spent most of his time either in the gym or out on the pitch practicing. It also meant he could wear comfortable clothes as even Sonja couldn't justify making him do exercise in a mini skirt and heels. Another bonus from all the training session, was it gave him an excuse to be alone and away from Sonja, who he now detested and couldn't stand to be around. But even with Milos trying to avoid her, She so persistence in her mission to ruin his life and just couldn't leave him alone, with the latest change to his appearance being the blond highlights, making him look even more feminine, and giving Sonja more ammunition for her name calling. Being called a dumb blonde or Barbie were now commonplace around the apartment.

As the weeks passed, he felt himself getting stronger and faster, in fact he had never been so fit in his life. But he was also getting a little concerned, as his body was changing in unexpected ways. His hips and ass were definitely getting bigger from all the squats and sprints he was doing, giving him a really sexy looking booty especially in his tight yoga pants. But having stronger legs meant he could strike the ball harder than ever before, so he could at least accept this change. The thing he couldn't accept though was his chest was becoming a little puffy lately, and his enlarged nipples that had become really sensitive were driving him crazy.

When he mentioned these changes to Sonja to see if she knew anything about them, she told him it was due to the breast forms he had been wearing almost 24 hours for the last few months, but there was something about the way she smiled as she told him, that made Milos think she was lying.



**Chapter 6 – The media darling**

On a Saturday night after another big win, Milos was in his room about to leave for yet another torturous night out clubbing. The team had won 9-3 that day with Milos having scored an incredible 8 goals, impressive even by his recent high standards. The team were now only two points behind the Wolves, at the top of the league, and the media were tipping them to pass them before long.

Sonja had picked his outfit for the evening and having, put on the tight sparkly mini-dress, sheer tights and high stiletto pumps, he stared at his reflection in the bedroom mirror, as he often found himself doing these days, thinking about how shapely his legs now were after all the hours of exercise, when there was a knock on the door. Thinking it was Sonja, he called out for the visitor to come in.

But It wasn't Sonya, it was Dejan. The door slowly opened and they both looked at each other in surprise. Milos surprised as Coach had never visited him at the apartment before and felt extremely embarrassed to be seen all dolled up in his tiny dress, posing in front of the mirror. Dejan surprised to find Milos in full makeup, dressed up like the girls he saw hanging outside the clubs in the city, he didn't know where to look, trying to remember the leggy blonde was in fact Milos.

"Milena, sorry Milos, can I talk to you for a second", Dejan said trying not to look at his long nylon encased legs.

"Err, Sure, what's up Coach?" Answered Milos trying to cover his breasts with his arms, out of embarrassment.

"Well we might have a problem, you might want to sit down" Dejan said as he picked up a stool from in front of Milos' vanity, walked over to him and placed it next to Milos, as he himself took a seat on the bottom of the bed.

Dejan watched as Milos awkwardly adjusted the tiny skirt he was wearing, and awkwardly positioned his plump rear down onto the stool, before placing his hands between his thighs to stop his panties from showing.

Milos' face was blushing from embarrassment, not that Dejan noticed it hidden under the layers of expertly applied makeup, as Milos' long acrylic nails decorated with fake jewels, gently tapped on his shiny nylon covered knees.



Dejan feeling quite awkward himself, decided to get straight to the point. "So, the thing is, as you already know, you seem to have caught the attention of the media, you see, you are probably the best player to have ever played in this league. And if you add in the way you now look, all the nights out, and the way you dress like a... errr..." Coach not knowing how to finish the sentence, pulled out his phone and showed Milos a picture from a popular news website that specialised in celebrity gossip.

If Milos had felt embarrassed before, it was now ten times worse as he carefully took the phone from Coach, trying not to poke him with a nail and grasped the phone tightly, not wanting to drop it.

He peered down through his long thick lashes and saw the headline "Milena Ivanovic sexy striker". The article began, Milena Ivanovic star striker of the Tigers, sexes it up in her latest set of raunchy outfits. The 5'4 goal machine is not afraid to show off her alluring figure, as she goes about her daily business, in outfits most people would consider clubwear at a push.

Milos having read enough, scrolled down to see two pictures that accompanied the article. In the first he was sitting on a set of steps wearing the obscenely short black dress that barely covered his backside and showed an ample amount of cleavage. Paired with a pair of over the knee boots and heavy makeup, the outfit looked completely out of place in the middle of the day.

The picture was quite old but he remembered it being taken, he and Sonja were going on a shopping trip and he had gone on ahead to get a few minutes away from her. He had been sitting outside the apartment when a man walked up and started taking pictures. The man asked where he was going and Milos had said he was going shopping, after a few more questions the man left, and Milos went about his day in the uncomfortable and impractical outfit.

The second picture was older. He was on a night out in the city and dressed to impress. He was wearing a stretchy blue mini dress that showed off his feminine figure as his thighs shined due to the sheer tights above the same over the knee boots as the first picture. Day by day, the number of people following him about and taking pictures had been increasing. No matter where he went, the media seemed to find him, almost as though someone was tipping them about his location.



Humiliated and embarrassed Milos passed the phone back to Coach and brought his hand up to cover his face.

There was a moment of silence, before Milos spoke "This is not my fault, I told you about Sonja and the trips out, I'm not allowed to choose what I wear".

Dejan sighed "Yes, this is my fault, I should have paid more attention but with the team winning and everyone getting along so well, I took my eye off the ball. I'm sorry Milos, I should have listened to you. And now as a result we have bigger problems, this article, and your new image is bringing us attention we don't need right now, being so close to the end of the season, what if they start poking around into your past and find out who you really are"?

"I never wanted to look like this, it's all Sonja she's crazy, look at me, look at this outfit she is making me wear out tonight, look at this hair, this body, these nails, do you have any idea how hard it is to live with nails this long"?, Milos said, Opening up his arms to show Coach his forced feminisation at the hands of Sonja.

Dejan again didn't know where to look, as he reminded himself the sexy woman, with the killer body, in front of him was the boy who used to live in the club's changing rooms.

"Again, it is partly my fault, she has taken things a bit far, but what's done is done, we need to figure out what to do going forward. I received a phone call earlier, from an editor of an online magazine, they want you to take part in a photoshoot and they want to write an article about you, a sort of rags to riches piece. and I had no choice but to agree. we can't have them snooping around and asking questions right now, it's best to work with them so we can control what information they print"

Milos looked at Coach, eyes wide with surprise. "What? No please, I can't do that, I agreed to play football, I don't want to be a model".

"Milos I'm counting on you, remember, you agreed to do this after the accident, and I know this has perhaps gone a little further than you expected but we are so close to the end now. In a few months Milena can just disappear, you can go back to being Milos and perhaps I can avoid being killed by Marko. Don't worry about the details of the magazine shoot, I'll take care of everything"



Six days later and the day Milos had been dreading had arrived. He was wearing in a tight pink dress, exposing his shoulders. The extremely short hem of the skirt barely covering his silky pink thong underwear and the top strained to contain his breast forms sat atop his ever-expanding chest.

Sat on the Sofa, Milos straightened the tops of his thigh high boots, making sure to tie the knots at the back tightly behind each leg to avoid them slipping down, his slippery shiny legs, as he travelled to the photo shoot.

Sonja and his other housemates said he would need to be the perfect model, if he was to avoid being spotted as a man. So, over the past few days, he had been given a crash course on how to stand and sit in a variety of girly poses. The girls showed him how to angle his head and body, what to push out and what to suck in, and where to place his hands.

If all that wasn't bad enough, he had also endured another makeover session at the hands of the girls, where another layer of fake tan had been slathered on, his eyebrows had been shaped and arched a little more. But by far the most shocking change to his appearance were his lips. Had he known what the girls were planning to do, he would have stopped them. But with his eyes closed, Sonja told him not to be a baby, as she was about to make his lips look more beautiful. Having had scrubs and peels in the past, Milos didn't react, but as he felt something pierce his bottom lip, he tried to jump up only to find the other two girls holding him down. He could still remember, the sheer terror he felt as Sonja plunged the needle again

and again into his lips, injecting them with some clear liquid, all whilst smiling like a crazy person who had just escaped from an asylum.

When done the two girls released him, and he instantly ran to the bathroom locking the door. The result was scary, his lips were completely numb and double their usual size. He poked his plump top lip with the tip of a nail, and it felt firm and full, he now had the lips of a porn star.

Milos again tried to think positively. His new pouty appearance was just another thing he would have to adjust to, like the nails and the hair, albeit it a little longer lasting. He had calmed down a little after searching online to see how long the effects of the lip fillers would last. Reading that lip injections needed to be redone every 12 to 18 months, was a relief and kick in the gut all at the same time. On one hand he was relieved to find the effects weren't permanent but on the other hand he would have to live with these big pillowy lips for some time to come. So, with nothing he could do about them right now, Milos tried to put them out of his mind as he went through his tiring daily routines of dolling himself up, taking photos, and trips out where people chased and harassed him trying to get a picture. All the while he barely showed any emotion, not wanting to give Sonja the satisfaction of seeing how miserable he was really feeling.



## The beautiful game

Looking up from the Sofa, Milos saw Coach looking down at him, he hadn't heard the door whist daydreaming, and Sonja had let him in. "You look, erm... nice", Dejan said not really knowing what to say.

"Thanks", Milos said, getting to his feet, "shall we go".

"Sure, after you", Dejan said stepping out of the way. He couldn't help but be memorised as Milos' pert bottom swayed from side to side, as he sauntered past him, heels clicking on the living room floor.

Stopping in the doorway, looking back to see Coach still standing in the middle of the room, Milos unintentionally pouted, "are you coming or what"? he said.

"Err, yeah sorry, I was just distracted for a second", Dejan said, embarrassed to be caught looking and wondering if Milos' lips had always been so big.

After an awkward almost silent drive, until Dejan had put the radio on to break the tension, they arrived at the magazine building on the other side of the city.

Dejan was shown into a room where he could wait, and Milos was taken off to the hair and makeup department. He was introduced to two women; one was going to prepare him for the photoshoot, and the other was there to interview him.

Whilst clip in hair pieces were being attached to his hair, Milos was asked about his life growing up. Thinking the best thing to do was tell the truth, but one in with he had grown up as a girl. Milos told her about his tough upbringing in the orphanage, how he had been bullied and picked on, never feeling safe and secure until he had met Coach who had given a home at the Tigers.

The makeover seemed to go on for hours as his hair was curled, and his makeup was carefully reapplied. While the makeup artist applied long thick fake lashes, he was asked what his goal scoring secret was. Milos recalled the times growing up where he had spent most of his time outside to get away from his depressing existence inside the orphanage. He had hung out with some older boys who were always playing football on the street. Being shorter and weaker than them meant he couldn't run past them, but instead had gotten really good at shooting from range. He also talked about training and working with Coach on a daily basis. The woman who interviewed him seemed really happy with answers, telling him the readers, where going to love his story and his special connection with Coach.

After finishing with the interview and looking very heavily made up, the next stop was the wardrobe department, where he was to asked change into the outfit they had selected for the photoshoot. Milos didn't really know what to expect, having never been to a photoshoot before, but the outfit that awaited him made him want to run out the door. Even after weeks of wearing mini-dresses and 6-inch heels, the outfit in front of him screamed girly girl.

With a bright light in his face, a camera flashing, and a man barking orders at him, Milos felt ridiculous. He had been given a football and was told to do some tricks. This would normally be easy for a player as skilled as him but doing it in a pink feathery prom dress and high heeled sandals was near impossible, as he struggled to keep his balance, never mind juggle a football.

The dress he was wearing, was like something straight out of a gypsy wedding. He tried his best to remember to smile as he felt like a complete sissy, with Coach watching on from the corner of the room. The midsection of the huge dress, was extremely tight and constricting due to the laces on the back that had been pulled tight, forcing his puffy chest upwards, now looking disturbingly like a pair of very large real breasts. The skirt on the dress was huge, it poofed out from his tiny waist swallowing his legs in its soft fluffy material, meaning he couldn't see his feet or the ball.



As the editor watched on, he was slightly disappointed with the awkward looking girl in from front of the camera, she was vastly different to how he had imagined her to be, from the pictures he had seen. She came across as very shy and reserved and was definitely not a natural model, But the magazine had been following the Tigers throughout their up and down season, and recently all anyone could talk about was their new star player Milena Ivanovic, who had come out of nowhere and in half a season, already smashed the league's all-time record for goals. Her image of being a party girl and the fact she wasn't shy to show off her body was also great for directing people towards their site.

The online article came out a few days later, and as Sonja stared at the pictures of Milos in his pink gown, read through the positive comments and the way people were reacting to his story, she was angry and jealous. She wanted the attention and the celebrity lifestyle; Milos was on his way to achieving. He had stolen it from her. She should be the one out on the pitch every weekend, scoring goals as the crowd chanted her name, instead she was still going through rehabilitation, only recently starting to run again. She had also put on a lot of weight over the last few month, and had a nasty scar running down her previously beautiful legs. "He isn't going to steal my dream", she thought to herself "I won't let him".

Chapter 8 - A star is born

The reaction to the article was incredible, Milos was now the talk of the town, he had photographers camped outside the apartment, hoping to get a shot of him as he left. Local businesses wanted Milos to endorse their products, and the phone hadn't stopped ringing, as he was inundated with offers to do radio interviews and photoshoots. But in a strange way, Milos was starting to enjoy the attention. All his life, everyone had just ignored him and treated him like garbage. Now people said hello and wanted to talk to him wherever he went, it was just a shame that it was Milena and not Milos, they all wanted to talk to, he imagined it would be quite different if they all found out Milena was actually a trapped boy, being forced to live her life.

Again, not wanting to ruffle any feathers, Dejan agreed to all the interviews and photoshoot, meaning Milos was extremely busy juggling his training and matches with all his public events. As long as the team was winning and milos was scoring goal, Dejan didn't mind the attention, but what did worry him was some of the news stories were trying to spin it as though he and Milos were a couple. After the interview in which Milos talked so fondly about him, thanking him for saving him from a life of poverty, stories emerged suggesting there was a deep connection between the pair, the photoshoot, he had agreed to join milos in hadn't helped either.



## The beautiful game

So, life was now incredibly busy for Milos, as he juggled his responsibilities, and he probably could have coped if it weren't for Sonja, she really was becoming a problem, she was changing his body and he was worried that once this was over, he might not be able to go back to being the man he once was. Milos didn't know what to do anymore. Coach just couldn't or didn't want to see the truth, she always acted so innocent around him, it was disgusting how fake and vile she was. But after the latest make over, Milos knew he had to do something before it was too late. He now looked like a stereotypical blond bimbo, long blonde hair down past his shoulders to his extremely thin waist, huge thick eyelashes, thanks to the eyelash extensions, long pink acrylic nails, and massive pouty lips, now even bigger as Sonja had decided to once again inject them with the filler. It was time to have this out with Sonja and put a stop to this madness.

Tottering into the living room in his silver pumps, Milos found Sonja on the Sofa watching some sappy Romcom, she didn't look up to acknowledge his presence, even though she must have heard him coming, with the loud click clacking of his stilettos on the hard floor.

"Ahum" Milos cleared his throat.

"What do you want slut, I'm trying to watch this", Sonja said without taking her eyes off the screen.

Milos grabbed the remote and turned off the TV, as he sat down on the Sofa, "We need to talk, and can you stop with the slut comments"?

Sonja looked puzzled, she wasn't used to Milos talking back to her, "Sure thing, but I call it as I see it and wearing that slutty dress and heavy makeup, what else am I supposed to think ho."

"I'm wearing the dress you picked, and I did my makeup like you suggested, what the hell is your problem anyway, why are you always such a bitch"?

Sonja went red in the face and looked like she was going to explode before taking a deep breathe "You're a celebrity and influencer now, this is how they look, you're supposed to stand out, women should be jealous of you and men should want to take you home and fuck your brains out, I'm just helping you get there, I didn't start this, you're the one who wanted to join a woman's football team".

Milos shuddered at the thought of being intimate with another man. "Cut the shit Sonja, you're loving this, you have humiliated and degraded me day after day, going way above what was necessary for this disguise".

"You want to know the truth, fine, I hate you, you piece of shit whore", Sonja screamed, "You drive me into a tree, disfigure me, take my place in the team and think I'm going to smile and be your friend, you needed to be punished, and as much as you look like some trailer park barbie, right now, I'm not done with you yet, princess".

"I knew it, you fucking psycho, I suppose that black out in the club was you too"? Milos spat

"Oh, you mean the little something I slipped in your drink, you really let your slutty side out that night, pleasuring all those men. You should really be more careful with your drinks, you know. But I wouldn't expect a dumb bimbo like you to notice, I mean, I've been putting birth control pills in your food for months. Do you think that body of yours is just down to exercise"? Sonja said laughing

In that moment Milos lost it, he launched himself across the Sofa arms swinging wildly. Sonja tried to defend herself as Milos let out months of frustration as Sonja screamed, trying to protect her face as Milos scratched at her with his long claws.

The other two girls who had been in their rooms, hearing the commotion ran out to see what was happening. It took both of them to pull a possessed Milos off of Sonja, who had blood running down her arms and face from all the scratches. As the two girls, held Milos back, Sonja got to her feet and ran from the room crying "You'll pay for this bitch", she said as she left the room in tears.

After calming down and being released by the girls, who went off to check on Sonja, Milos sat back on the sofa feeling overwhelmed with emotion. Sonja had just revealed the truth and it was devastating to hear.

With his plump backside nestled into the pink cushions, he gently stroked his shiny left thigh and brought the other hand to his forehead. He couldn't do this anymore. He didn't care about the team or his promise to Coach, he just needed it all to stop.

He picked up his phone and text Coach. It read "I'm done Coach, I quit the team" or that's what he had tried to type, there were more than a few typo's, due to him shaking with adrenaline and the length of his impractical nails.

As he pressed send, Milos dropped the phone and ran, as fast as he could manage in his silver pumps, into his room, slammed the door, and threw himself on to the bed, before starting to sob like a baby. He had been crying a lot recently, and up until now, couldn't understand why. But after Sonja confession about slipping female hormones into his food, it now made a lot more sense.



An hour later, there was knocked on his bedroom door. Followed by another. On the third knock, the door opened, and Dejan stood once again in his bedroom doorway. Seeing Milos in obvious distress, Dejan looked concerned "Milos, what has happened? What is wrong?"

## The beautiful game

Milos sat up before getting to his feet, "What's wrong? Milos spat, "look at me? Look at what I've become, I look like some cheap prostitute", As he moved his hands in front of his tight sparkly party dress.

"Look Milos, I know this is tough, but I can't thank you enough, It may have been your fault with the accident, but by becoming Milena, you have saved my life, we are looking like making the playoffs for the first time ever, and we only have a few weeks left now, then Milena can retire and we can all get back to normal" Dejan replied.

"Tough, you don't know what tough is. You try living your life in tiny little dresses, constantly worried someone is going to see the bulge that shouldn't be there or having to do everything high heels, thinking you are going to fall over with every step you take, or how these ridiculous nails stopping you from being able to do simple tasks with your hands. I agreed to play football, not all this, why did you let Sonja do all this to me? Look at my body, look at what she did to my lips" Milos shouted, as he launched himself at Dejan, arms flailing, hitting him across the body and head and crying hysterically.

Dejan covered his face and just allowed Milos to let off some steam and release his anger, after a few moments the strikes became weaker, as Dejan, took him in to his arms and held him tight, rubbing the small of his back gently.

"I'm sorry Milos, I knew you were having to deal with a lot of changes, but I didn't realise it was causing you so much pain. I'll talk to Sonja, perhaps she has taken this disguise too far. But you should know, you don't look like a cheap prostitute, you really look quite beautiful".



There was a moment where time seemed to stand still as the two of them just looked at each other, staring into each other's eyes, before Milos leaned in and kissed Dejan right on the lips. It only lasted a few seconds before Dejan pulled away, the look of shock and confusion was clear to see on his face.

"Milos, I.. err.. I, think I should go, are you going to be OK"?

Milos embarrassed stepped back and gave a little nod, as a tear ran down his cheek,

Dejan gave him awkward smile before backing slowly out of the room, checking once more that Milos was OK, before he left.

Milos threw himself onto the bed once more, but this time angrier at himself rather than sad.

Why had he just done that? He wasn't really a girl and he had just kissed Coach, the man he had always thought of as a father figure. Was he also turning gay now?

He felt so confused, he had always been attracted to women but no matter how many times he told himself, it was wrong, deep down inside, some part of him had felt at peace in Coach's arms. It felt nice to be held and comforted, when everyone else in his life was just so cruel. But that didn't matter anyway now, as how was he ever going to look Coach again in the eye, after what had just happened.

**Chapter 9 – No hope**

Completely lost, Milos shut down. He was like an empty shell; everyday he would go through the motions but inside felt completely numb. Everyone could tell something was up as he leisurely took part in the training sessions barely breaking a sweat. He still kept up appearances as Milena, but he wasn't putting as much effort into his hair and makeup, going for a minimalist look. He was now dressing in jeans and flat shoes, which was a big image change. The media, who still followed his every move, noticed the change and started writing stories about possible causes.

When the playoff semi-final came along, everyone in the city was buzzing. It would be a packed stadium to watch The Tigers and their star player Milena Ivanovic. The game was to be played over two legs, with the tie being decided on penalties if necessary. Their opponents would be Novi Sad City, they had a strong defence and had some good players, but the Tigers were comfortable favourites with Milena's up front.

The problem was Milos just didn't care anymore. As the first leg kicked off, he just walked around the pitch, barely kicking the ball or breaking a sweat. After 40 minutes, the crowd turned on him, booing each time, the Tigers passed him the ball and he would just kick it away from him to nowhere in particular. At half time with no other choice, Dejan substituted him, and the Tigers lost the game 2-0. There was still the second leg to play but with Milos like this, Dejan knew his team was very unlikely to break down Novi Sad's stubborn defence.

When Dejan heard about the fight between Milos and Sonja, he told Sonja to stay away from Milos. Embarrassed about the kiss, he was also keeping his distance, trying to keep things professional. He would talk to Milos in training but only about football not wanting to approach the subject of the kiss they shared because as much as Dejan didn't want to admit it, the brief kiss had excited him and as much as he tried he couldn't get the image of Milos' plump pouty lips and long fluttering eyelashes out of his head.

But after the Novi Sad result, with his life and the fate of the team's season on the line, Dejan knew he had to have a heart to heart with Milos to clear the air. Not really knowing how to approach the subject, Dejan sent Milos a text message inviting him out to a bar that evening. Perhaps it wasn't the best choice of venues, being a recovering alcoholic, but in his mind a public place they both knew, might be less awkward and less intimate than meeting in Milos' bedroom.

Milos wasn't exactly thrilled about the idea of going out to a bar downtown alone, on a Saturday night, but he couldn't stop thinking about the kiss, he needed to face his fears, as his life right now was unbearable.

Dejan arrived first at the bar, the team sometimes used for special occasions. He ordered an orange juice and took a seat on an empty table against the far wall. He sat back, took a sip of his juice and tapped his fingers to the beat of the catchy pop song that played through the speakers in front of him.

He waited rather impatiently, his eyes scanning the room, staring at every person who walked in through the door, becoming more and more nervous by the minute. Until finally fifteen minutes later, in stepped a blonde dressed all in black, heavily made up with pouty plum coloured lips and massive dark lashes.



Milos not sure why he had dressed up that evening, looked around the room nervously trying to spot Coach, before locking her eyes with him sat on the other side of the room.

Dejan stared at Milos, still shocked that the former homeless boy he had taken in, was now this sexy blonde vixen in front of him. He gave a little wave and Milos, nodded to show he had seen him.

Dejan watched as Milos strode across the room in his tall over the knee boots, his hourglass figure and sexy walk attracting every male eye in the room as he passed by.

Milos stopped in front of the table and Dejan stood up to greet him. There was an awkward, half hug half pat, before Milos placed his fur coat on the back of a nearby chair, placed his sparkly silver purse on the table, and sat down opposite him.

The dress he revealed by taking off his coat was tight and extremely short, with the top and arms made from a light, see-through mesh like material. It emphasised all Milos' curves as Dejan wondered how much was padding and how much was actually his body.

A waitress appeared and asked Milos what he would like to drink, recommending the cocktails as they were half off for the next hour. Milos opened the menu and placed a long pink nail next to one of the names at random, and Dejan asked for another orange juice. The waitress complimented Milos on his choice, before hurrying away leaving the two of them sat there in silence.

Dejan tried to make small talk, but it was tough going, only getting short or one word replies from Milos as he sat there, hardly making eye contact with him. It was a relief when the waitress reappeared with their drinks as it broke the awkwardness of the situation for a second.

After a large mouthful of his juice, Dejan decided he'd have to be the one to bring up the topic, they both didn't want to talk about.



## The beautiful game

“Uhm about what happened that night I came to see you, you don’t have to feel embarrassed, these things happen you were upset and there is nothing wrong with being gay”, Dejan said

“I’m not gay” Milos said a little too loudly, garnering a few odd looks. “I, I ... It’s hard to explain” Milos said lowering his voice, “you were just being so nice to me and.... er nobody is nice to me these days, it just sort of happened, I’m sorry”.

“I’m sorry too, I should never have put you in this situation, I was the one who made the bet with Marko. I was arrogant and stupid. I should have been the bigger person and walked away, I let you down Milos. I just get so angry whenever I’m around him. For the last few years, every time our teams have met, he always seems to come out on top and he loves to rub my face in it. When we started the season so strongly this year, with Sonja looking like she was going to be a superstar, I let myself get carried away, I just wanted for once to come out on top. And then the accident happened. I took it out on you, blaming you for everything, that was wrong of me”, Dejan said reaching across the table, taking Milos’ hand and rubbing it gently.

“I was stupid too, I never should have taken that car, you have always been so good to me, you took me in when no one else would, and gave me a purpose in life as part of the team, I risked all of that to impress some girl, if only I could turn back the clock”, Milos said looking Dejan in the eyes, for the first time in weeks.

Dejan stared past the voluptuous back lashes and into the heavily made up eyes opposite him, “I’m also sorry I made you live with Sonja, I knew she was a cold hearted person but I didn’t realise she was so sadistic, I was selfish and turned a blind eye to what you were going through, I only cared about the team winning but not anymore, screw the consequences, as of this evening Milena Ivanovic has retired from football and my old training coach Milos has re-joined the team.

Milos was stunned, shocked that Coach would sacrifice everything for him. There was nothing he wanted more than to put all this feminine crap behind him and go back to his old self, but would that mean he would never see Coach again? “What about you, how will you pay back Marko”?

Dejan smiled. “Well, I guess I’m retiring from football too, and with no way to pay, and not wanting to find myself in a shallow grave, I’ll probably skip town”.

“No, you can’t leave, the team needs you, I need you! Milos said panicked. “Beside we could still win the cup”.

“Maybe, but that’s not your concern anymore”. Dejan said.

Knowing he might live to regret it but feeling an urge to help Coach, Milos made a decision that would change his life forever. “No, it is my concern, and I won’t allow it, Milena is going to see the season through to the end. She will play in the second leg and once we beat Novi Sad, the Tigers are going to lift the cup”.

A smile slowly appeared on Dejan’s tired looking face, “Wow, thank you, Milos. I owe you my life”.

“I guess we’re even now then, and call me Milena, who knows who is listening”.

They talked for the next few hours, just like they used to. It was the first time Milos had had any fun in a long time, and as the drinks flowed, he relaxed and forgot about how he was dressed and his feminised appearance. At the end of the night, Dejan drove Milos back to his apartment, and walked him to the door.

They hugged each other and held the embrace for a little longer than two friends normally would, before Dejan pulled away and kissed him on the forehead. “Everything is going to be alright, Milena, in just over two weeks this will all be over, one way or another. Are you going to be OK, staying here until then”?

“I’ll be fine, I have nowhere else to go and since I attacked her, Sonja just stays out of my way, Goodnight Coach”.

“Goodnight Milena”.



### Chapter 10 – A sting in the tail

It was the day of the final. The Tigers vs the Wolves, and Milos was feeling incredibly nervous as he walked out on to the pitch to be greeted by the large crowd cheering and holding banners with his name.

With a renewed sense of purpose, the Tigers, thanks to Milos, had won the second leg of the semi-final, against Novi Sad city, 5-1, booking their place in today's final.

It was a close game with lots of goals, but when as the final whistle blew, the Tigers had done it, they had beaten the Wolves 4-3 with Milos receiving Woman of the match having scored all four goals.

The scenes after the match were pure elation as the team celebrated their first ever league title as the crowd once again chanted Milena over and over.

Lifting the cup to his pouty lips, Milos felt a massive sense of relief and joy. He had never won anything in his life, it was a shame he had to deceive the people watching by pretending to be a woman, but he had scored all those goals with his own skill and ability. He was going to enjoy the cheers and the occasion because as of that moment Milena was officially retired.

Dejan came over and gave him a big bear hug "We did it, Coach", Milos said, with his arms wrapped around Dejan.

"No, you did it, Milena, you save me and brought happiness to all these people, just take a look at all those happy faces", Dejan said, pulling back and pointing at the crowd, that cheered loudly once more.

"It is rather wonderful". Milos said grinning

"It is, and did you see Marko storm off down the tunnel at the final whistle, probably thinking about his retirement speech, he's going to give to the media.

The other girls were equally as excited to win the league and wanted to go out to celebrate. So, when Dejan announced he had hired out a local sports bar and drinks would be free all evening, they all rushed in and hugged him.

Milos decided that if this were to be his last day as Milena, he would give the girls one last night out with her, a goodbye if you like. Since the chat with Dejan in the bar a few weeks back, he'd been wearing pants and comfortable clothes, and had hardly worn any makeup at all. But tonight, he decided to dress up one last time. He chose a pink dress, did his hair and makeup, and picked out a pair of platform wedges which were easy to walk in, he might have been dressing up one last time, but he was done with high uncomfortable heels, he never wanted to wear another pair as long as he lived.

Dejan picked Milos up around 7.30, complimented him on his outfit which made Milos blush, before driving them to a local sports bar where the rest of the girls were already partying and drinking. Everyone that evening was dressed in pink even Dejan, with his pink T-shirt under his suit jacket, it was the theme of the evening, in honour of their player of the season Milena Ivanovic.

The party was wild as everyone let loose and enjoyed their first ever league win; everyone was in a great mood as they laughed, joked and re told stories about the crazy season they had just been through together. Towards the end of the night, tipsy from all the drinks, Milos found himself sat on a tall stool, chatting to Dejan.

"So, I have to say I'm going to miss Milena, are you sure you don't want to sign up for another season", Dejan said playfully.

Milos smiled. "Perhaps you could don a dress and come out of retirement, the team does need a backup goalkeeper.

"Ha-ha, Fair enough, so you must be looking forward to getting back to normal"?

"You have no idea, first thing tomorrow, I'm soaking off these nails in some acetone and shaving my head", Milos said looking down at his hands.

"Yeah, you have mentioned once or twice, how much you hate those nails" Dejan chuckled "But is there any part of you that is going to miss being Milena".

The mood changed a little, becoming more serious. "Well, if I'm being honest, I will miss playing football every week and the crowd chanting my name. I'll also Miss the time we spend together", Milos said as he looked down at his tanned smooth legs.

"What do you mean, we'll still spend time together", Dejan said confused.

"Oh, I know, but it's not the same, you look and treat me differently as Milena, it feels....feels nice", Milos said embarrassed.

Dejan gulped, not sure if he wanted to have this conversation "Hey, listen lets talk about this in a minute, I need to visit the men's room, do you want another drink on my way back"?

"Sure, I'll take a vodka and cranberry", Milos said watching Coach climb down awkwardly from his high stool, with his bad leg.

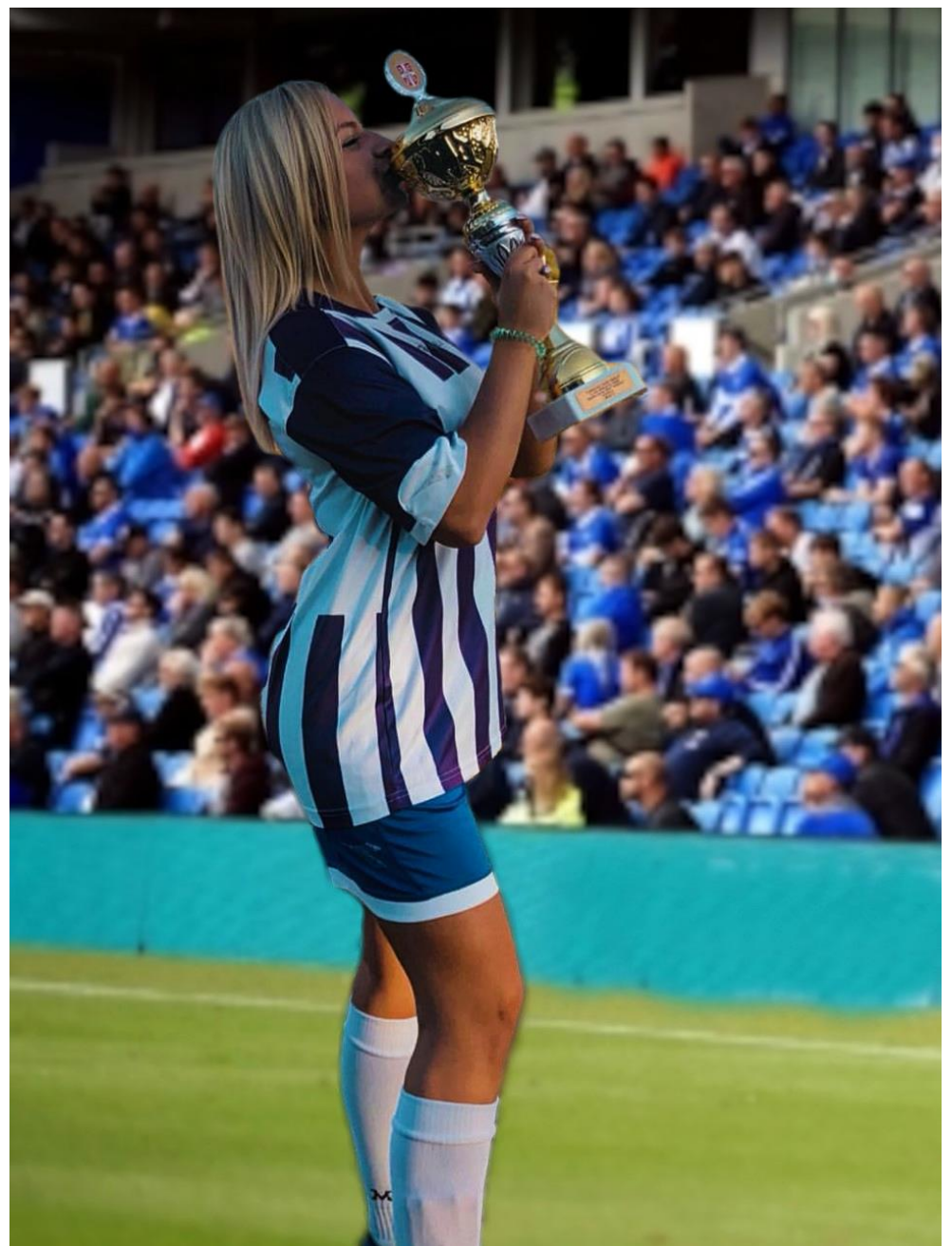
"Coming right up beautiful", Coach said before departing towards the bathroom.

As Milos sat there alone, he had mixed emotions, on one hand he felt like a weight had been lifted off his shoulders, he couldn't believe this this crazy plan had actually worked. He could now go back to a life without restrictive outfits, tiresome daily beauty routines, and best of all no Sonja. But on the other hand, he was going to miss being part of the team and the strange new relationship that had grown between him and Coach.

Deep in thought Milos sensed a presence next to him, looking up smiling, expecting to see Coach with his drink, his face dropped. It wasn't Coach, it was the last person in the world, he had expected to or wanted to see, it was Marko.

Marko approached the table without saying a word, sat on the stool that Coach had vacated, and lit up a cigarette. After taking a long drag, he looked Milos up and down, making him feel really uncomfortable.

"I've got to hand it to you, you had me fooled, dam you look good, really convincing, it's hard to believe you're a boy under that tight little dress".





A stunned Milos didn't know what to say, but tried to think fast, "err, I think you've made a mistake, I'm Milena Ivanovic".

"No, no, there's no mistake sissy boy, the only mistake was trying to cheat and deceive me and there's nothing I hate more than to be cheated" Marko replied in a profoundly serious tone. "Now the question is, what am I going to do with you"?

Terrified Milos looked around the room trying to locate Coach. Marko laughed, "Oh are you looking for Dejan, hoping he'll come and save you, not going to happen I'm afraid, my boys have already grabbed him, he's not coming back to save you"

"Please, don't hurt him what do you want" Milos said quivering.

"How sweet, thinking about his wellbeing before your own, Well what I want doll, is for you to meet me here tomorrow", Marko passed Milos a card with an address on it, "My driver will pick you up at 5pm, and don't get any silly ideas about running away, or let's just say Dejan, won't have the most pleasant of evenings". Marko said before laughing, "Oh, and wear something sexy will you doll".

As Marko walked away, Milos sat on his stool shaking as some of the team, who had seen the conversation, came over to see if he was OK. What was he going to do? What could he do?

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Just before 5pm, the next evening Milos stood in his room, terrified at what was about to happen. He felt utterly exhausted having not slept a wink the night before, as he had just tossed and turned, his mind racing, imagining all the awful scenarios that possibly awaited him.

At around midday Sonja had knocked on his bedroom door and came into the room. "So, I heard about what happened, I know I'm probably not your favourite person, but I can help you get ready for tonight if you want"?

Milos thought for a second, was Sonja actually being nice? It was a jarring thought and completely out of character, but with no energy or desire to dress himself he agreed, "OK", he replied quietly.

The next few hours were a blur as Milos silently let Sonja go about fixing him up. After a shower, where he shaved his whole body, he watched as Sonja clipped in hair extensions and applied his makeup. He was surprised by the outfit she picked out for him to wear.

He had expected her to pick out some ridiculously skimpy outfit and was actually surprised by her choice of a black top, striped miniskirt and over the knee boots. The outfit was still very feminine, but he had expected her to choose something much more revealing.

After tucking himself away, fastening a black satin push up bra around his flabby chest, and sliding the matching panties up his silky smooth legs, he wriggled into the striped mini skirt and Sonja help place a long sleeve black top over his head, so he wouldn't mess up his hair and makeup.

Sitting on the edge of the bed, he carefully tugged a pair of high heeled stretchy thigh high boots up his legs, careful not to break a nail and took a deep breath.

He had just stepped in front of the mirror to see his finished look, when the apartment buzzer rang, indicating the car had arrived, Milos placed his right hand on his head and closed his eyes, he was about to meet his fate.

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Walking into the Marko's club, heels clicking loudly, and being escorted by the huge driver, Milos spotted Coach on one of the tables, sitting opposite Marko. He didn't look up



## The beautiful game

and just sat there with his head down, smoking a cigar. Milos noticed the glass of whisky on the table, knowing Coach had once again gone back to the drink but in the current situation, who could blame him.

As Milos tottered over and Marko greeted him with an evil grin “Welcome to the party doll, look who has come to join us Dejan, now move over and let our sexy friend sit down”, Marko said as he motioned for him to sit next to Dejan, who moved over to sit closer to the wall

Marko watched on as Milos smoothed out his skirt, carefully placed his voluptuous rear on the edge of the cushioned chair before swivelling his legs under table.

“Well I have to say, you make one sexy bitch”, Marko said laughing. Milos looked down in shame and Dejan failed to react. “So, Milena Ivanovic, media sensation is actually Milos Ivanovic, the orphan boy who used to clean the toilets at the Tigers clubhouse”, Marko erupted into laughter.

“What you’re not going to deny it, tell me I’m wrong like last night”? Marko continued. “No, well I’m glad as that would just make me angry, I already know the whole story anyway”, Marko looked at the huge driver/bouncer who was stood nearby “bring her in”.

For the first time since Milos arrived, Dejan looked up, as he and Milos stared open mouthed as Sonja strutted in confidently.

“You bitch”, Milos screamed “I’m going to kill you”.

“Sonja, how could you”, Coach spoke.

Sonja walked over to the table smiling, sat down on Marko’s lap and gave him a kiss on the cheek. “It shouldn’t be that surprising, Sonja here has ambition you see, she wants to go somewhere and associating with a bunch of cheats and losers like you, is not good for her reputation. Next, season, she will be playing a starring role for the Wolves as we rightfully reclaim our title, not that you two will be involved”, Marko said still grinning.

“Listen, Marko I get it, we bent the rules, let’s call it a forfeit, I’ll get you your money, I’ll even report it to the league, you’ll get your trophy, then we’ll leave the city, you’ll never have to see us again,” Coach suggested.

” No, no, no little Dejan, you have cheated me, my team, the league, and every supporter who payed money to watch you. I don’t want your money, you made a fool out of me and I don’t like being made to look a fool, now you will face the consequences of your actions. Your days in football are over, you both are mine now, I own you”, Marko said, menacingly.

Dejan moved his body in front of Milos “It’s me you have a problem with, leave the boy out of it, he was just doing what I asked him, you can do what you want to me, just let him go”, Dejan pleaded.

Milos was shocked, Coach was sacrificing himself in order to save him.

“Isn’t that sweet, Dejan is he your boyfriend? “Marko clapped, “Oh, this is even better than I thought; I was going to sell him off to a contact of mine but now, I’ve changed my mind. Milena here is going to become one of my girls; she’ll work at one of my clubs entertaining the male guests and you Dejan will watch it all from a comfortable seat at the bar, where you’ll drink your life away”. Marko said smiling giving Sonja’s leg a little squeeze.

“Marko, you can’t”, Dejan yelled.

“Oh, I can, and I will unless you’d both prefer to end up in the same place as Roman Isamov”, Marko said glaring menacingly.

Milos and Coach sat there in stunned silence; they both knew who Roman Isamov was. It had been a huge news story at the time of his disappearance. Roman had been a corrupt politician rumoured to be doing business with Marko. They had heard the rumours about what had become of him, and everyone including the police knew Marko had killed him. With no evidence the case had been dropped but here Marko was essentially admitting to what he had done.

“Oh don’t pout my dear”, Marko said looking at Milos, “you’re going to love working for me, you’ll get to doll yourself up every day and flirt with all my most exclusive guests, surely that’s every sissy boys dream”.

Milos put his head in his hands and started to cry. Seeing Milos crying and after the day he had just been through, Dejan felt rage like he had never experienced before, He threw himself over the table in an attempt to get at Marko. But before he could lay a finger on him, he was grabbed by two huge men. They threw him to the floor and started to kick him violently.

As milos screamed for them to stop, Marko pushed Sonja off his knee and stood up. “Ok, enough fun for one day, get them out of my sight”.



**Chapter 11 – Working girl**

It had taken Milos a few weeks to recover from the surgeries forced upon him, as he had struggled to come to terms with the fact his old life was over and he would now have to live with the body that wouldn't look out of place in adult magazine.

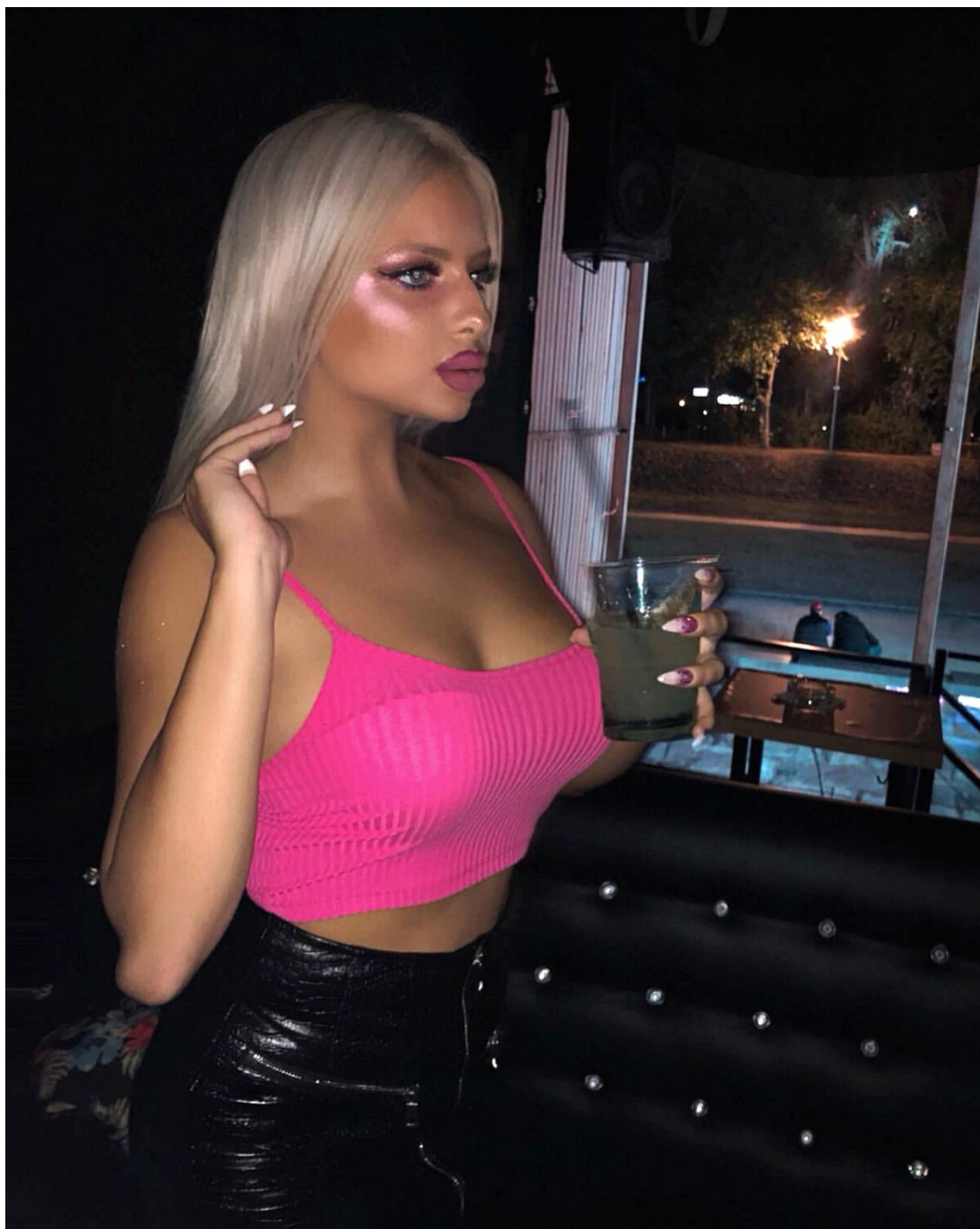
They had performed a few minor procedures to his face making him look a little more doll like, but the biggest changes were the butt implants and the big bouncy mounds now attached to his chest. He didn't need the padded bras anymore, as the massive implants were always at the fore front of his thoughts, as they jiggled and pulled his body off balance, a constant reminder of what had become of his life.

Marko had allowed him to remain in the apartment with Sonja, but the other two girls had been told to move out as another woman named Olga moved in. Milos wasn't sure what she did for Marko, she just drove him wherever he needed to be, and generally just kept an eye on him, perhaps, in case he tried to run away.

Sonja was still her bitchy awful self, constantly reporting to Marko if he did the slightest thing she didn't like. He was now essentially a prisoner in his own life, he had no say in anything he wore, did, or anywhere he went. He was still forced to take selfies and pose for photos, except now, instead of being uploaded to Instagram, they were sent to Marko, one every hour, unless he was sleeping.

Every evening around 6pm, he would be taken for his shift at one of the Marko's clubs. Where he would either walk the club smiling and flirting with the customers or more likely, be forced to sit as Marko or one of his goons brought over a random man to sit and chat with him. Of course, these men didn't just want to chat, as their wandering hands went wherever they pleased, fondling and playing with Milos' surgically enhanced body.

Dejan, meanwhile, was forced to follow Milos around and watch as he was degraded and molested. He was now a shell of his former confident self, looking tired and frail. He, like Milos, was a prisoner, beaten and humiliated and forced to do whatever Marko demanded of him.



Milos got through the nights by drinking and taking whatever drugs he could get his hands on, which wasn't difficult in Marko's club. High as a kite he could at least forget where he was and what he had become.

Early on he had thought about escaping, but Milos learned quickly, not to disobey or talk back to Marko.

He still recalled a night, during his first week working at the club. A customer had grabbed one of his breasts, still tender from the surgery and Milos had responded by slapping him in the face.

As punishment Milos was forced to finish his shift topless, as Marko and anyone else who wanted to fondle and played with his sensitive nipples. To really humiliate him, Marko then brought Dejan over to have a go. Milos was forced to sit there, humiliated, tears streaming down his face, as Dejan played and suckled on with his erect nipples, before being thrown to the floor, kicked and beaten as Milos screamed for them to stop.

It was weeks until Milos saw Dejan again as he recovered from his injuries. But tonight, as he arrived at the club there he was, still bruised and swollen slumped against the bar in his usual spot, where he had a view of the Sofa where Milos entertained Marko's VIP's, halfway through a bottle of Vodka.

Biding his time and waiting until the coast seemed clear, Milos snuck over to the bar and ordered a drink, standing next to Coach but not looking at him. "Are you OK"? he asked quietly.

Dejan didn't move, "I'm getting there, are you OK"?

"No, this is all a nightmare, we need to do something, we need to get away from here", Milos said.

"Shhhh, keep your voice down, we don't have long, before someone notices us talking, I've been planning a way for us to get away from here, I just need a little more time to iron out some of the details", Dejan said slurring his words.

"More time, how much time? I don't know how much longer I can live like this" Milos replied.

"You have to be strong Milos, we may only get one chance to escape and everything needs to be perfect, be patient, I'll let you know when it's time, do you trust me"? Dejan said glancing up past Milos' tiny pink top, struggling to contain his impressive breasts, and looking him briefly in the eyes.

"Of course, I trust you" Milos replied, grimacing slightly looking at Coach's bruised face and missing teeth, "can I help in anyway"?

"Yes, keep an eye on Marko and his goons, try find patterns, look for times when they are busy or distracted".

“I’ll try my best Coach”, Milos said

“Hang in their kid, we’ll be out of here soon, and this will all be but a distant nightmare”, Dejan said taking Milos’ hand and giving it a squeeze, “OK, you better get back or someone is going to notice you missing”.

Dejan watched as Milos, wiggled away, his huge backside swaying from side to side in his tiny leather skirt. He didn’t have a plan or any idea how they might escape, but with Milos relying on him and for his own sanity, he needed to get working on one.

From that moment on, Milos’ observed everything around him and remembered every name he heard, in the hope it would be a vital bit of information that would help him get out of there. But, as the days passed nothing really stood out, no patterns emerged, and all seemed a bit hopeless.

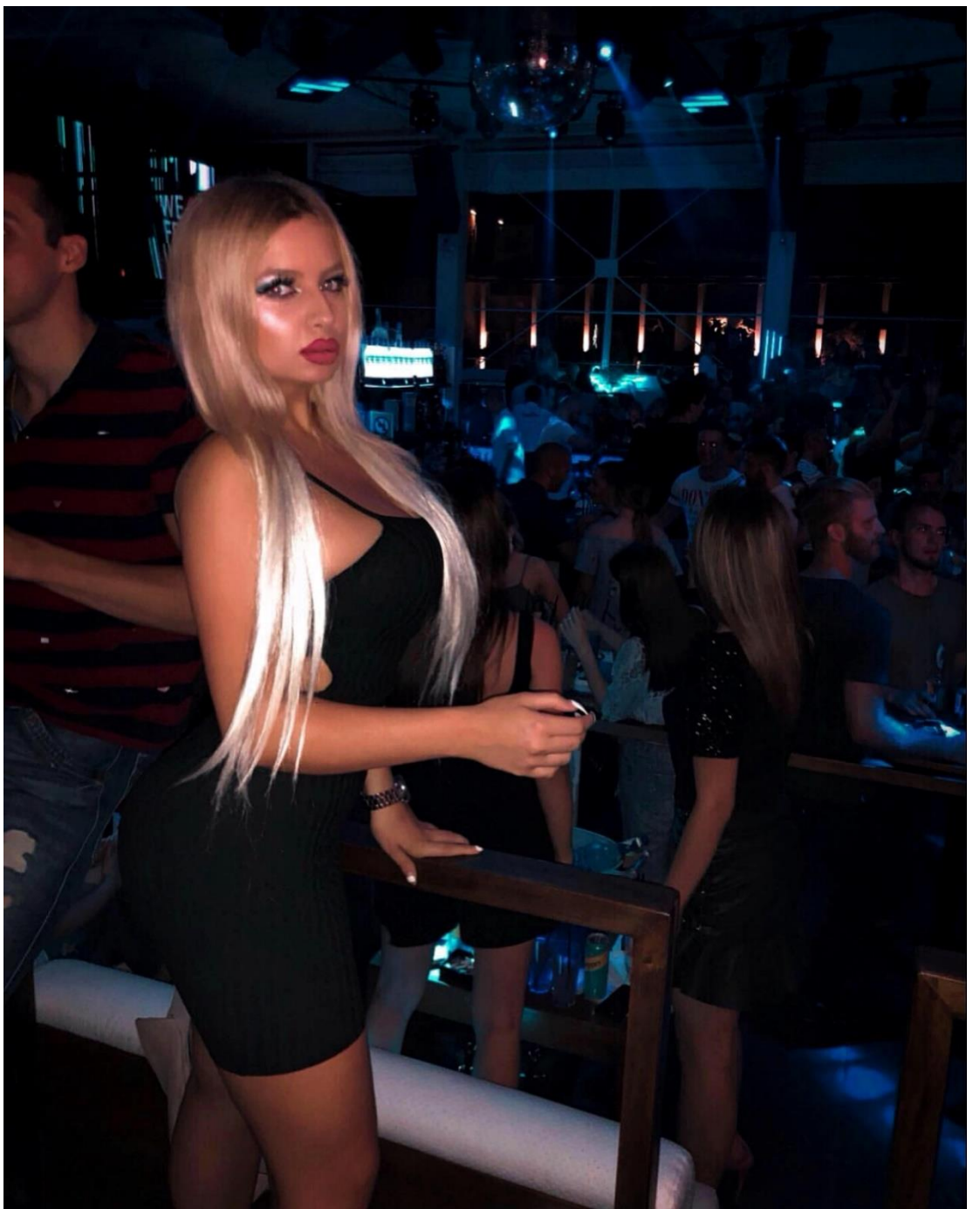
On a Saturday night, a few weeks later, Milos was stood on the edge of the dance floor wearing a skin-tight black dress, that showed off all of his curves.

Scanning the room, it was a familiar sight. There was Coach slumped against the bar, having had one too many vodkas, Marko’s goons were all in the VIP section, drinking and joking about, Olga was sat in her usual corner alone, never too far away from Milos, and there was the blonde haired woman again. She had been staring at him all evening. Who was she? Did she work for Marko? Was she just another person sent to spy on him?

Milos didn’t have to wait long to find out. As an hour later on a break, Milos made his way to the ladies’ room to freshen up. Upon stepping out of a cubicle, there she was, the blonde who had been staring at him, standing in the middle of the bathroom.

She was stood in the centre of the room, and she was absolutely stunning and oozed confidence. From her skin-tight top to her perfect legs wrapped in a little leather skirt, she came across as someone important. Milos stared at her in awe. “Who are you”? he said, “Why have you been staring at me”?

“Oh, sorry, I didn’t mean to make you feel uncomfortable, I was just watching you work, I’m Bojana, Marko’s little sister”.



Milos stood there unsure how to respond.

“Oh, don’t look so worried Milena, I’m not here to boss you about, in fact I’m a huge fan of yours, I used to love watching you play football. But that’s a secret, don’t tell Marko I was secretly supporting the Tigers”, Bojana giggled.

“Oh, thanks, I guess, but I think my playing days are behind me now”, said milos in a glum voice.

“Yeah, what a shame, my brother always takes everything and destroys it, I’m sorry for what he has done to you, perhaps I can help”.

“Help how”? Milos said warily.

“Well, this place is always so boring, from now on you can hang out with me if you want to, we can drink and party, what do you say”?

“What about Marko”? Milos said, not really sure what this girl wanted of him.

“Oh, don’t worry about him, he won’t bother you if I ask him nicely, now let’s get some drinks and hit the dance floor girlfriend” Bojana said as she put her arm around Milos and led him out back into the club.

**Chapter 12 - The great escape**

After meeting Bojana at the club, things were definitely better for Milos, he was still expected to work his shifts and flaunt his body, but on the nights when Bojana was around, he could forget all that and just have fun, like any other girl on a night out.

Life away from the club on the other hand was a living hell. Sonja treated him as her own personal dress up doll and servant. He was expected to do all the cooking, cleaning, and housework, and to do it wearing clubwear and sky-high heels, which were the only clothes he owned now as every outfit was skin-tight and every shoe had a towering heel.

He went through each day like a zombie, vacant and distant, just going through the motions, posing for his hourly photos to be send to Marko, and trying not to think about how much he despised Sonja.



Time in the apartment seemed to pass at a snail's pace, as Sonja shouted and ordered him about. She was still as cruel as ever, perhaps even more so now and just to make Milos' life even more miserable than it already was, she continued implementing her rules, but now they were much more sadistic and crueler. There was the rule that meant he couldn't sit down, unless he was posing for a picture or sleeping, and combining this with the rule where he wasn't allowed to remove his shoes unless showering and the rule she introduced, where he was no longer allowed to use the apartment elevator, meaning he would have to tackle nine flights of stairs, every time he needed to enter or leave the building, left his feet were in a constant state of pain

As he struggled through each day, Milos kept himself going by dreaming up different ways of killing Sonja, and of the day where he would escape. But that didn't seem like it was going to happen anytime soon as he was still waiting for Coach to tell him about the plan, Night after night, Milos would watch the drunk skeleton of a man deteriorate, now unrecognisable from his former self as he drunk his life away. Was he even capable of coming up with a plan these days?





Even seeing Coach in his terrible condition, Milos wasn't ready to give up on him just yet, the man who had saved him from a life on the streets and given him a home. Their interactions had been fleeting over the last couple of weeks, but everytime they spoke, Coach reassured Milos they would be out of there soon. So, Milos, waited going through his daily dress up sessions and photoshoots, entertaining punters in the club or dancing the night away with Bojana. Until one evening while, standing peering out over the dance floor, perched on a pair of platform heels, feeling completely exposed in a pair of denim short shorts that only cover half his plump buttocks, there was some news.

"Milena", Milos looked over his shoulder to see Dejan standing behind him.

Dejan walked up and stood next to him and looked straight ahead so no one would see them talking. "We're getting out of here kid, get ready, we're leaving tomorrow".

Milos smiled, "Oh thank god, I can't take another second in this place, what's the plan"?

"I can't give you all the details now, but I've got it all mapped out, tomorrow is Thursday meaning Marko won't be here. I need you to do what you usually do until 10.30, just act natural. I've been watching and by 10.30 all of Marko's men should be off the club floor and up in the VIP section", Dejan paused for a moment before continuing.

"All evening I need you to complain about stomach pains, especially to Olga. Every hour or so, you need to run to the bathroom, lock yourself in a cubicle and sit there for 20 minutes or so. At 10.30 on the dot, you need to go to the bathroom once again, and make sure Olga sees you, by this point she would have given up following you, giving us a small amount of time to escape. Once inside the bathroom, lock one of the cubicles, in case anyone does come to look for you. Here take this", Dejan said placing a small key in Milos' palm.

"This is for the cubicle"? Milos asked puzzled, as he tried to ball his hand in to a fist to hide the shiny metal object but couldn't be due to his long acrylic tips. "Where did you get this"?

"I took it off one of the cleaning people a few days back, no one has noticed it missing, now put it somewhere out of sight", Dejan said in a proud voice

"Er.. OK", Milos said, before placing the key carefully into one of the tiny side pockets of his jean shorts.

"OK, when you've looked the door head for the window on the back wall, it's a bit small, but I need you to get through it. Once on the other side you'll find yourself in a corridor, go right and take the second door on the right, this will take you to a stairwell. Head up to the parking lot on level 3. I'll meet you there with a car". Dejan said, glancing at Milos, to see his reaction.

"Wow, you've really thought this through, but where will you get the car from"? Milos said, impressed with the detailed plan.

"Don't worry about that, you just make it to the roof, I'll take care of our ride. I'll see you tomorrow, one more day kid and we'll be out of here". Dejan said before turning and limping away.

Back in the apartment that evening, Milos was a bundle of nerves, not able to sleep he sat on the balcony outside his bedroom, taking in the view of the city below him, hoping to god for the last time. "Would the plan really work? What if they got caught"? were just some of the thought that kept racing through his mind, as the cool night air blew through his platinum blond locks. But with the alternative a lifetime of slavery as an unpaid escort, he knew he had to try.



After a sleepless night tossing and turning, and a day of cleaning the oven, wearing a mini skirt and ridiculously high heeled boots, Milos was about to leave for his shift at the club. He had tried to act natural all day as not to alert Sonja, which was easier said than done with no sleep and a feeling of dread.

Milos was in his room, looking around, hoping it would be the last time he ever set foot in the place when Sonja walked into his room without knocking.

“OK slut let’s get a picture for Marko, then you can go off and flirt with all those boys at the club”, Sonja said, with her phone in her hand.

Milos didn’t respond to the comment, he just turned, put one hand on his hip and the other on his right breast, striking a pose.

Sonja lifted the camera but then lowered it again, as a frown appeared on her face, “Why are you wearing those pants? What happened to the skirt you were wearing, the one that matched that top”?

Milos knew she wouldn’t be happy, but he had changed thinking about the window he would be needed to climb out of later that evening, wearing pants would make it much easier to manage. “Er, I’m sorry Sonja, I got it covered in grease earlier while cleaning the oven. I wasn’t sure what would go with this top, but then I remembered the advice you gave me, you said black goes with everything, so I just threw on these pants, hoping they would go with the rest of the outfit”

She looked at him for a second as Milos wondered if the mention of the advice she had once given him, would be enough for her to allow him to wear the pants out tonight to the club. “I did say that didn’t I? And they do make that big bubble butt of yours look spectacular, the boys are going to love watching you strut about tonight”, Sonja said as she lifted the phone once again and snapped a few pictures.

It was a small victory for Milos, but a win none the less, he just wished he could have thought of an equally good excuse to avoid wearing the towering thigh high boots, that caused him to wobble with every step he took, and the tiny snake print crop top that hardly containing his impressive breasts.

A few hours later Milos was sat on the lap of some greasy haired man, with large muscles and tattoos. He stunk of alcohol and cigarettes and his hands were roaming all over Milos’ body. This was something Milos was used to having been in this position hundreds of times before, but tonight he was stone cold sober, making the experience almost unbearable. Time seemed to stand still as he focussed on the large clock behind the bar, watching the seconds ticked by as the man, with his hand under Milos’ tiny top, rubbed his erect nipple between his thumb and fore finger, and kissed the side of his neck. “Only two hours to go” he thought, “I can do this”.



stomach, I’ve spent most of the evening in the bathroom”.

“Eww, too much information girl”, but hey, now that I’ve got rid of that scumbag, you can relax, come sit with me, lets catch up, and do you really like this colour, I wanted it to be a more vibrant red but it’s come out a bit ginger.

Sticking to the plan Milos had complained of an upset stomach all night, rushing off to the bathroom every hour or so. Olga had followed him the first two times he went, but on third and fourth visit, she just left him to it. Returning to his Sofa after the fourth trip to the bathroom, Milos looked up at the clock, wishing the time away, “45 minutes to go” he thought, trying to psych himself up before returning to the roaming hands of Lazar, his drunken sleaze ball of a companion for the evening.

But approaching the Sofa, Milos wasn’t greeted by the foul-smelling pervert, he had left there 20 minutes earlier. In his place was a much more pleasant sight.

The first thing he noticed where the multicoloured platform ankle boots. Scanning up Milos, saw a lot of exposed skin, with the only piece of clothing being a small white playsuit, that looked more like a bikini, just about covering her private areas.

As Milos looked on the red-headed girl turned and looked right at him and he instantly recognised who it was.

“Hey. There you are girlfriend. I was waiting for you”, Bojana said with a smile.

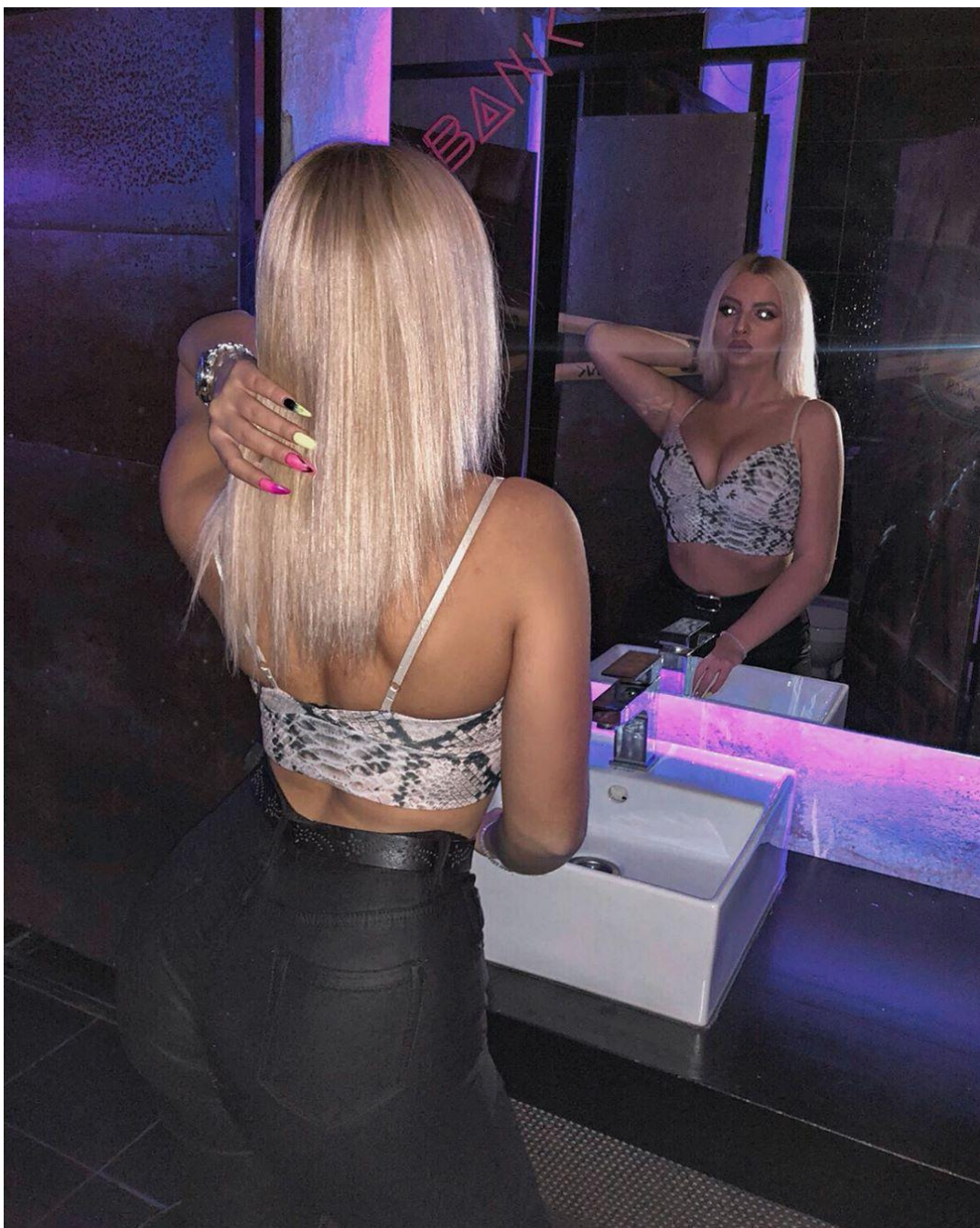
“Oh, hi”, Milos said not expecting to see her, “what happened to the man that was sat here”?

“He’s long gone, I told Marko to stop making you sit with his perverted clients, man I’m pissed wait till I see him”. Bojana said looking angry.

“Gone, OK”, Milos said looking around, suddenly worried that his plan to escape was crumbling in front of his eyes.

“Hey, I can get him back if want, I thought you’d be more pleased to see me”, Bojana said pouting.

“No, no, of course I’m happy to see you, I love the new hair” Milos said trotting over and giving her a hug, sorry I’ve just got this bad



Milos and Bojana chatted away talking about fashion and makeup brands, until it was time for action. As the large hand on the bar clock dropped to its lowest point, Milos looked at Bojana and grabbed his stomach, “be back in a minute OK”? Milos said as he climbed to his feet and tried to run, but ended up stumbling awkwardly and almost falling, atop his skyscraper heels, hoping to make all onlookers, including Olga, think twice about using the bathroom for a little while.

Entering the dark bathroom, he eyed the window on the far wall and started heading towards it, only to be startled by a toilet flushing. He heard the click of a cubicle lock opening before watching a drunk girl exit and headed over to the sink. Thinking fast Milos joined her in front of the mirror.

He raked his colourful fingers through his straight blonde hair, hoping the girl next to him reapplying her lipstick, wouldn't be long.

As the girl took what seemed like an eternity to fix her makeup, Milos just stared at his reflection and wondered if there would be any way to reverse all the changes that had been forced upon him after he escaped. The huge breasts that hung from his chest, the round fleshy backside that jiggled whenever he moved, and of course his ultra-feminine face, with its alluring features and huge pouty lips.

He wanted to believe there was a way back, a way to reclaim his old self, but as he watched the girl next to him finish up and exit the bathroom, these thoughts could wait until he was far away from Marko and this awful club.

As quickly as he could, in his platform boots, he crossed the tiled floor and stopped below the window. It wasn't going to be easy to get through, it was six foot above the ground and even in these tall boots, he couldn't see the ground on the other side.

Looking around the room for something to stand on, he spotted a

rubbish bin, used to discard paper towels. He trotted over to it by the sinks and slid it towards the window. He took a quick look towards the door to make sure nobody was coming in, before tipping it upside down, spilling its contents all over the bathroom floor. About to try and climb up he remembered that he needed to lock a cubicle in case anyone came looking for him.

He quickly clicked his way over to the cubicle furthest from the exit, took the key coach had given him from inside of his bra, being careful not to scratch a nipple with one of his nails.

With the key in hand, he quickly locked the old cubicle door, placed the key back in its fleshy hiding place and tottered back over to the upturned bin.

Carefully placing his right boot atop the bin, he took a hold of the window frame with his long pink and yellow claws and heaved himself up to a crouched position atop the black plastic tub. Wobbling and trying not to fall, he pushed the window open as far as it would go and peered down at the drop on the other side.

Knowing the drop was going to hurt, but willing to do anything to escape the living hell that he was forced to endure every day, Milos put his head along with both of his arms through the window. It was a tight fit as he squeezed his huge breasts through the tiny opening.

He huffed and puffed, thinking he wasn't going to fit, as his now erect nipples rubbed on the wooden frame, causing shivers to run down his body. Until suddenly, something gave, and he tumbled through, falling the 6 feet on the other side of the window, and landing in a heap on the ground.

A little dazed and sore but determined to keep moving, Milos pushed himself to his knees and using the wall to help, wrenched himself back up onto his heeled feet. He looked along the long corridor and was relieved to see it was empty. He wondered for a second if there were cameras, but if the plan was successful that wouldn't really matter.

Quickly before someone came, he tiptoed down the corridor, stopping in front of a door with a picture of a staircase above it.

He pushed the door open and took a step inside almost falling, he had landed pretty hard on his right leg and it was now threatening to give out from under him, But full of adrenaline, he limped his way up the first couple of steps.

He only had to climb three flight of stairs and this nightmare would finally be over, he could do it, he was used to climbing three times as many flights stairs every day, back at the apartment building, if only his leg wasn't hurting so much.



## The beautiful game

It was slow progress with his now throbbing leg and his impractical shoes, but one step at a time he was getting closer to his freedom. He had made it to the second floor and was now only a few steps from freedom, when he heard a terrifying noise. A door, below him opened, and now he could hear footsteps coming his way. Milos panicked and tried to ascend the remaining steps as quickly as he could, but it was no good as the footsteps were getting closer and louder. He had been caught and he knew it.

Excepting his fate, Milos stopped lifted his sore leg against the wall and looked down to see who was approaching.

A head poked around the corner, and Milos came face to face with a familiar set of eyes, he felt a combination of relief and sadness. It was Coach, but he looked flustered and what happened to meeting on the roof, he knew something had gone wrong.

“Milena, we need to abort, I was about to head into Marko’s office to steal the car keys, when I noticed him inside. I don’t know why he’s here, he’s never here on a Thursday”. Said an out of breath Dejan.

“No, no, I can’t go back, we’re so close, please, there must be another way”. Milos said overwhelmed and almost in tears.

Dejan climbed the remaining steps that separated them and opened his arms for Milos, who fell into them and started to sob. “Now you need to be strong, this is just a setback, if we leave now, how far do you think we are going to get with no money and you in those boots? We are still getting out of here, this is just a setback, we’ll wait one more week, next Thursday we will try again. The plan will work, we just need Marko to be out of his office”.

Milos looked up into Coach’s eyes, giving him a little kiss on the lips before pulling back. There was a moment as they just stared into each other’s eyes, before Dejan slammed his lips against Milos’. The make out session was hot and heavy as Dejan ran his hands over Milos’ hourglass figure, running them down his side, before reaching his bottom, which he caressed with his fingers.

With both of them out of breath, Dejan pulled away, placing his hand on Milos’ face, “I love you Milena and I am going to get you out of here. Can you wait one more week for me”, Dejan said, as he gently stroked the feminized boy’s cheek.

Milos looked at Coach and gave him a little smile. “I can wait, I’ll wait for you”.

“OK, now let’s get you back before someone notices us missing, I’ll help you back through that bathroom window, and you might want to fix your makeup before you head back out in to the club”.

**Chapter 13 - An unexpected admirer**

Still a little sore from the failed escape attempt, Milos tried to stay positive as he counted down the days until his escape, thinking about nothing else but his freedom. Freedom from the tight outfits, the endless posing for photos, the nights spent at the club, being ogled and molested, and freedom from Sonja and her rules, orders and degrading comments.



The first few days were fairly typical, awful but typical. But on Monday evening, halfway through his shift, drunk and high, trying to not think about where he was or what he was doing, something unusual happened. Sat on a brown leather sofa, having just spent the last hour listening to some old businessman complain about his job and his wife, as he faked interest and tried to avoid the man's wandering hands, pawing all over his exposed skin, Marko came over, told the man to get lost and sat next to Milos.

"How is my little doll tonight"? Marko said patting Milos on his exposed thigh. Milos knew better than to upset Marko, so he replied with a smile, "I'm OK. How are you Marko"?

"Oh, you know same old. Listen, I've been thinking, perhaps I've been a bit harsh on you, my sister seems to like you a lot, and perhaps I've taking my grudge with Dejan out on you. You can take it easy for the rest of this evening, come now, let's go over to my table". Marko said. As he stood up and extended his hand for Milos to take. Milos wondered if it was some kind of trick, but with little choice, he accepted Marko's hand and was helped to his high-heeled feet. He was led across the room and into the VIP section of the club. Seated next to Marko at his table, he was asked what he'd like to drink. After being on edge for the first hour as he waited for something horrible to happen, Milos started to relax. Compared to his usual night in the club, it was actually a pleasant evening. Marko was a perfect gentleman, the only time he touched him was when he put his arm around him for a photo, towards the end of the night.



## The beautiful game

On Tuesday night, Marko all but ignored him, as Milos returned to his usual duties of entertaining strangers, listening to them drone on about their mundane lives as they stroked and caressed his feminine body. Thinking about the previous evening, it was very confusing to Milos' drunken mind, he couldn't work out why Marko had been so nice to him, but with only two days until his escape, he tried not to dwell on it.

On Wednesday evening, Marko approached him again, this time before he even started his shift. He was again invited to the VIP section of the club at Marko's table. The night was similar to the last time as Milos, was treated with dignity and respect, as the other men around the table chatted, joked and never once touched him. Around 12.30, Marko again surprised Milos, as he offered to drive him home. Not only was this out of character, but it was also hours earlier than Milos usually left the club. He nodded and accepted the offer.

A man appeared shortly after with Milos' warm fur coat and handed it to Marko. Marko stood up and again extended a hand to Milos. Milos placed his hand, carefully into Marko's giant mitt, and was helped up to his feet. Marko then held out the fur coat for Milos to place his arms into the sleeves. Snug inside the warm coat, Milos wondered, why Marko was being so nice, after treating him so badly for so long, it was so out of character and strange.

With his arm around Marko for support, he minced along next to him, feeling the effects of the night of drinking hard liquor, as he was led out of the main room of the club and into the back corridors. After a short walk they turned a corner and arrived in front of a lift, which Marko unlocked with a key card.

The doors opened on the 3<sup>rd</sup> floor carpark, the very carpark Milos had been so close to reaching, last Thursday, before his dreams of escape had evaporated as Coach had intercepted him on the stairs.

They started walking to what Milos guessed was Marko's car. It was a cold night and Milos shivered as the chilly night breeze tickled his exposed legs. He focussed on not falling in his intoxicated state, as he carefully placed one numb foot in front of the other, trying to keep his balance atop his sky-high heels, and wobbly legs, when Marko suddenly stopped. "Before we leave let's get a quick photo for the collection", Marko announced.



Milos accustomed to posing for photos, turned almost automatically, placed one leg on to a nearby step and stuck out his backside, as he had been taught to do.

"Wow, I love how your arse looks in that skirt my little doll, and those legs of yours are absolutely gorgeous", Marko said, as he snapped a few photos on his phone. Milos didn't know how to respond, he just stayed quiet and kept posing.

"You know, if I were you, I would have tried to escape by now. Perhaps try to make it up here to the carpark and steal a car", Marko said, still taking pictures. Milos' eyes widened as he almost had a heart attack; did Marko know about the plan to escape? Did he know about the attempt last week?

But before Milos could think of something to say, Marko tucked his phone, back into his jacket pocket, and walked back over to join Milos. "Of course, I'm glad you haven't, I'm starting to like having you around and it would be a real shame if I had to lose you", Marko said as ran his fingers through Milos' hair, lent in and kissed him full on the lips.

Milos stood there like a statue eyes wide open, as Marko's lips attacked his own and his tongue invaded his mouth.

When Marko finally pulled away, Milos felt sick to his stomach and wanted to throw up, but instead, he just stood there and smiled like an idiot.

"Now, let's get out of here" Marko said, as he once again put his arm around Milos and led him towards his

expensive sports car.

The drive back to Milos' apartment was a terrible experience for Milos, as his mind raced, thinking about what Marko had said, imagining all the terrible things Marko might do to him if he really did know about the escape. Was Marko really driving him home? Or was he being driven out to the woods to be buried in a shallow grave? "No, Marko might be a Masochistic sociopath, but he was too smart to actually kill someone himself. If I were about to die, it would be one of his goons driving right now", he thought to himself, trying to calm down.

It was a massive relief when Marko pulled up outside Milos' apartment building. He actually had driven him home, and more than that, Marko wanted to walk him to the apartment. In a way Milos was actually happy to have Marko with him, as they took the lift, avoiding his usual trek up the nine flights of stairs in 6-inch heels.

Inviting himself inside, Marko helped a tired Milos into the apartment. Sonja was in the living room and was shocked to see Marko, but ever the loyal servant, she jumped up and welcomed him in. "Oh, hi Marko, I didn't expect to see you tonight, sorry about the mess, I'll have Milena do a quick clean and fetch us some drinks".

“Not tonight Sonja, if you want to clean the place, do it yourself, Milena is no longer to be ordered about, understand?”, Marko said.

A stunned Sonja just nodded, as they walked straight by her and into Milos’ room, leaving her standing there with her mouth open in shock.



Inside the bedroom, Marko started to walk around. “So, this is your room, a bit small for my liking, but do you have everything you need”?

Still not sure if Marko was being genuine, and still worried that this whole acting nice thing was some kind of trick, Milos was careful with his answer. “I’ve got everything I need, thank you”.

Marko was now in front of a large mirror, one of many installed in the room, surely to remind Milos of his transformation and sexy appearance, everywhere he looked. “Come, here my doll, and let’s take a picture together”.

Milos cautiously approached and Marko wrapped an arm around him, realising he was expected to take the photo he delved into the pocket of his fur coat fished out his phone.

As they posed in front of the mirror, Marko again surprised Milos, “You know, lately I’ve been thinking about you a lot, you really are a gorgeous woman these days”. Milos tensed up as he felt Marko’s hand find his right buttock and his fingers started to gently move about, tracing along the crack of his bottom, through his PVC skirt. Marko continued. “I want you to be my girl from now on, but I won’t force you. If you’re with me, it’s because you choose to be with me”.

“I, I...”, Milos didn’t know what to say.

“It’s OK, take a day to think it over doll, tomorrow is Thursday and I’m going to be out of town. I’ll be back Friday; you can give me your answer then”. Marko said, as he closed his hand around Milos’ plump left bum cheek, giving it a hefty squeeze and causing Milos to jump and make a little squealing noise.

“Goodnight doll”, Marko said chuckling as he gave Milos a quick peck on his inflated lips, “I’ll see you on Friday”.

As Milos watched Marko leave his room, through the reflection in the mirror, he felt mentally exhausted and confused. What the hell was going on? Was Marko being genuine? Milos brought his eyes back to his own reflection and stared at his heavily made up face. He had to admit he did look sexy, in a slutty bimbo sex doll kind of way, perhaps Marko had really fallen for him, he thought made him shudder.

“Tomorrow night I’ll be out of this place for good” he thought, and it couldn’t come soon enough.

Exactly one week after the failed escape attempt, Milos was back sat on a sofa in his usual spot staring at the clock behind the bar. It was 10.20 and almost time to make his move. He had spoken to Coach, briefly earlier in the day, and told him about the way Marko had been acting the last few days and the comments he had made about escaping.

Dejan didn’t like the news and indicated they needed to be extra careful that evening and asked milos if he still wanted to go ahead with the plan. They were both a little nervous but with this perhaps their last, and only chance to get away to start a new life, they both agreed it was worth the risk.

At 10.30 on the dot, Milos stood up and went straight for the bathroom. There would be no safety net tonight, no fake illness to cover his tracks, it was make or break. He quickly locked a cubicle door, slid the bin across the room and turned it upside down, he knew he didn’t have much time before Olga came in to check on him. He again forced himself through the small window, landing heavily on the other side, made it to the stairs and passed quickly through the door, before anyone saw him. Looking up the steep staircase and then down towards his exposed legs, he cursed his luck ending up in the same ankle breaking boots as last week. But one step at a time he climbed the three flights of stairs and emerged in the car park above.

Looking around nervously, Coach was nowhere to be seen. Panicking and shivering from the cold night air, he needed somewhere to hide and wait. As his eyes darted around, he saw the spot where Marko had forced him into an impromptu photoshoot, the previous evening, and was suddenly filled with a feeling of terror at the thought of what Marko would do to him, if he was caught. But it was too late for that now, he was committed to the plan, and it was all up to Coach as Milos hoped he would come through for him.

Feeling very exposed stood by the door to the stairs, Milos decided to move around the far corner and find somewhere to hide. So, he set off across the deserted parking lot, wobbling atop his tall boots, and shivering, wishing he still had he fur coat from earlier to keep him warm. The room was eerily quiet with the only noise coming from his heavy breathing and the loud clicking sound of his uncomfortable boots. He made it about halfway before he was stopped in his tracks by the sound of the lift pinging loudly behind him, as a feeling of utter devastation washed over him. Milos turned and glanced over his shoulder, to see the doors of the lift open. With nowhere to hide, he stood there as Olga stepped out and shock her head. “Miss, Ivanovic, I think you had better come with me”, she said, with a cold, emotionless look on her face.



Scared to death, Milos turned and tried to escape. It was a comical sight, seeing him try to run in his ridiculously high heels, as he awkwardly stumbled about like a deer on a frozen lake. He didn't make it very far before he was once again stopped in his tracks, as Bojana walked around the corner in front of him with a disappointed look on her face. Standing there stunned, he watched as Bojana slowly walk over, stopping in front of him, and placing her hand on her head.



"Oh, Milena, I'm so disappointed, I hoped we could have become friends, but now you've gone and ruined it", Bojana said.

"Please, Bojana, I am your friend, please just let me go", Milos pleaded.

"Sorry Milena, that's not going to be possible, besides how are you planning on leaving without that drunkard Dejan and the car"?

"Coach, where is he? Is he OK"? Milos demanded.

"That bumbling fool, broke into Marko's office and made so much noise half the club heard him, he's being held downstairs. Now, you need to come with us, Marko isn't going to be pleased when he gets back".

Defeated, Milos allowed Olga to take a hold of his arm, as he was led downstairs in the lift, taken to a store cupboard, where he was locked inside.

Cold hungry and terrified, he spent the night begging and crying but no matter how much noise he made, no one came in to see him. What had he done to deserve this? Sure, he had broken some rules, by playing for a woman's football team as a man, but did he deserve to live out the rest of his days as a human barbie doll and slave, that's if he wasn't about to be murdered.

As the hours past, Milos gave up hope, there was no point fighting it anymore, Marko had won. He started to think that death perhaps wouldn't be so bad, at least it would be quick, or at least he hoped it would be, and given the alternative or a lifetime of pleasuring men in the club, death didn't sound so bad.

Milos lost track of time, as he sat on the cold floor, trying to keep warm amongst the brushes, mops and cleaning products.

As the sun rose peeking through the little window in the room, too small to climb through, It felt like he had been there for weeks but in reality it had only been a few hours.

Some hours later, the door swung opened and Olga, stepped inside. She handed Milos a bottle of water, which he snatched and quickly gulped down, as Olga threw him his his fur coat, which he quickly put on.

"Mr Mitic, will see you now, put your boots back on and follow me", Olga said in her deep intimidating voice.

Milos located his discarded boots, he had taken off during the night, and slowly slid them up his freezing legs. He hauled himself to his feet and stood there wobbling.

Olga was standing in the doorway; and it only took angry scowl, for Milos to quickly start tottering towards her.

## The beautiful game

Olga led and Milos followed, their first stop was the bathroom, as Milos was given a makeup bag and told to fix his face. After cleaning of the old smeared makeup, he reapplied his makeup until Olga was satisfied. "Much better, now you're ready to see Mr Mitic" Olga said emotionlessly.

Moments later Milos found himself outside Marko's office, Olga knocked loudly on the wooden door, before he heard a deep voice shout. "enter".

Olga pushed open the heavy door and Milos staggered in behind her. Marko was sat on the far side of the room with a serious look on his face. "Thank you, Olga, you can leave us now", he said.

Olga nodded. "Of course, sir", before leaving and closing the door behind her.

"Sit down Milena", Marko pointed to a chair opposite him.

Shaking, Milos staggered across the room, slowly sat down, crossed his legs above the knee, out of habit, and looked down at his feminine knees.

"Milena, Milena, my little doll, what am I to do with you? I gave you a second chance after your tried to run away last week, was my warning in the carpark, not clear enough"?

Milos looked up, "So, you did know"?

"Of course, I knew, this is my club, I know everything that goes on here". Marko said loudly.

"And you were going to just forget about it"? Milos said trembling.

Marko paused, picked up a glass from a table to his right, took a sip of his Vodka. "You see my doll, what I said to you yesterday is true, I find you to be a very attractive woman, and I have become quite fond of you over the last few months, So, I gave you the option of becoming my girl, where you would have lived a life of luxury by my side and saved your precious Dejan, but instead you made the wrong decision."



"Coach, what have you done to him, is he OK"? Milos said worried.

"If I were you, I would be more concerned about yourself own wellbeing, forget about Dejan, you will never see him again. He is gone", Marko said, staring at Milos with dead eyes.

"Milos started to sob, but having cried all night, he didn't seem to have any tears left. "What are you going to do with me, are you going to kill me"? He asked.

Marko narrowed his eyes, "kill you", he laughed in a menacing tone, "what do you think I am. No, I have a much more appropriate punishment in mind for you, and who knows, if you're a good girl, perhaps in time I might even forgive you".

**The end (for now)**